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### THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

BEFORE the Conservative party met last Tuesday at the Carlton it was practically known that the idea of a Coalition Government was dead; nor is there any need now to say much about it. It presented itself from the first to those who had intelligence and knowledge as a very desirable thing if it could be done, and as a thing very unlikely to be brought about. But it has now receded very far into the depths of the might-have-been. All that remains of it is the certain fact that the Liberal party (for it cannot be too often repeated that there is now no Liberal party except that headed by Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN) has no intention of allowing the good work of the elections to be undone in the House of Commons, or of letting Mr. GLADSTONE loose again on the country. The discussions on the constitution and procedure of the new Government have shown the usual profound ignorance of the most simple Parliamentary facts and the usual incomprehensible fancy for fancy Cabinet-making without any regard to either probability or knowledge. Thus the length of time occupied by swearing in has actually been urged as an argument against finishing the Session quickly, as if the House of Commons were not competent to get through routine work, such as the moving of writs, &c., as soon as the first forty members are sworn in. But it is unnecessary to dwell on these blunders or on the absurd speculations as to the personal composition of the Ministry, which testify to the everlasting power of *blague* over the human mind. The newsmongers have, indeed, an obvious reason for their conduct; it is difficult to say the same of the news-swallowers.

The actual composition of the new Tory Ministry as far as it is known fully justifies the assertion that there was no fear of lack of strength in it, however much the party might be driven to rely on its own resources. The exaggerated cry for new blood which is one of the cantos of the day has been properly disregarded, and the most important offices of State have been assigned in all cases to men of capacity, and in all but one to men of specially proved capacity. After the unpleasant revelations and the more unpleasant suggestions which have been made as to the state of the national defences, it was of the first importance that the heads of the two great fighting departments should be strong heads. Mr. W. H. SMITH has no superior as a capable man of business, and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has already done good work at the Admiralty with less free hands than he will have now. The assignment of the Foreign Office to Lord IDDESLEIGH has called forth solemn shakings of the head which are not a little amusing. It might be thought that Lord ROSEBERY, instead of carrying out a Tory policy for a month or two, had independently swayed the concerns of Europe for half a generation. And it appears to be forgotten that, while Lord ROSEBERY's very creditable policy was in the teeth of that advocated and pursued for years by almost all his colleagues, there is no difference of opinion on that subject among leading Conservatives, and that, with Lord SALISBURY at the head of the Government, any Minister can easily manage the Foreign Office. But undoubtedly the two appointments which have excited, and deservedly excited, most interest are the appointments to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and to the Irish Secretaryship. The reason of both is sufficiently clear. In the position which Irish affairs hold, there was practically no choice but the allotment to them either of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH or of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The events of the last few years—much more

the events of the last few months—the irresolute conduct (as we at least can have no difficulty in describing it) of the last Conservative Government, and the mischievous conduct of the last Liberal Government, have brought about this necessity. Now Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH is familiar with Irish administration, and has nothing against him even in Nationalist eyes but the fact that he is a loyal English gentleman. Lord RANDOLPH has no experience in the Irish office, and though he certainly has some in Ireland, not all of it is exactly calculated to make him a *persona grata*. That Sir MICHAEL will discharge the ordinary work of his office well is certain, and there are few men who have a better chance of doing the extraordinary work well. It is the custom of those Radicals who judge of a man's ability by his proneness to gush and flash and splutter to depreciate the new Irish Secretary. With persons to whom these qualities are not the most admirable gifts of man, he stands a good deal higher. The other appointment, involving, as it is supposed to involve, the leadership of the House of Commons, is of course more disputable. We have never hesitated to express dislike when it was necessary for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's more popular qualities. He is a great deal too much like Mr. GLADSTONE in his adoption of popularity as the end of man to please us. But in these days popularity is no doubt useful, and luckily Lord RANDOLPH has put his popular qualities as well as his good ones at the service of the right side, not the wrong. His relative position as an *elitto*—a soldier's officer—is not to be denied, and his ability no one who himself possesses ability has ever thought of denying. Probably there is no harness in which he will go so well as in that of leader, especially with a good heavy load of business behind him, and with the drag of the Liberal alliance. At any rate, it was inevitable that he should be tried sooner or later, and no better opportunity can be imagined than the present. It is to be hoped that his physical health, which is not understood to be of the most robust, will be able to endure the strain of perhaps the most exhausting duty that any one of the QUEEN's subjects is called upon to discharge. As for his supposed economical heresies, they are not likely to be very active, and he can hardly know less about finance than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Of the remaining known appointments, the bold selection of Mr. MATTHEWS, which time must justify, is the most remarkable. On the whole, the Cabinet will be immeasurably stronger than Mr. GLADSTONE's last, if not so strong as that with which he met Parliament in 1880.

It is somewhat early to discuss the policy of the Government, but everything that is yet known about it is satisfactory. The scheme of getting the necessary business, including Supply, over as rapidly as the factious opposition which is loudly threatened will permit, should allow Ministers to bestow the autumn upon a thorough preparation of Irish and other measures, and to meet Parliament at the regular time after Christmas. The plan is in every way the best that can be adopted, and it may be hoped that nothing will induce Lord SALISBURY to depart from it. The discontent of the Parnellites, English and Irish, is perfectly intelligible, and is in itself a strong recommendation of the proposed course. That discontent, if the Liberal Unionists abide by the understanding which has been entered into between Lord SALISBURY and their chief, will be entirely harmless. Their assistance will enable the Government to overcome all extraordinary opposition; while on ordinary occasions, if a too frequent appearance with Conservatives in the lobby is irksome to them, they

have only to stay away in order to leave Ministers complete masters of the situation. A short examination of the arguments or substitutes for argument which are being advanced by the obstructionists will show any reasonable person that they have not a shadow of ground for describing the proposed course of proceeding as unconstitutional, or even as inconvenient. The limitation of Supply was clearly and solely intended as an expedient to prevent whatever Government might remain in power or succeed to it after the elections from being independent of Parliament. The August meeting and the submission to Parliament of the necessary demands fully meet the case, and nothing more can be reasonably demanded; while the advantages of the arrangement, if the joint Parnellite party is really desirous of having a well-thought-out plan of Irish and other local government from the Conservative leaders, are unmistakable and undeniable. One thing has to be added. Some innocent and ill-informed Gladstonians are apparently comforting themselves (not too comfortably) with the idea that in no case will any measures be taken to curtail the amusements of their Parnellite friends in the way of boycotting and moonlighting, of stirring up riots in Ulster, and keeping the streets of Dublin under mob rule. It would be a pity for some reasons (for others it might not be a pity at all) if this delusion were allowed to influence Mr. PARNELL's advanced guard. There is every reason to hope that the Government is thoroughly convinced of the hopelessness of such inaction as marked the last Conservative tenure of power, and that the understanding between Conservatives and Liberals includes joint action in case of necessity against breakers of the law and the peace in Ireland.

#### THE LAST WORDS OF THE LATE GOVERNMENT.

LORD GRANVILLE'S address to the City Liberal Club on Monday united several kinds of interest. In the first place, it was the reappearance in public of a statesman whose personal popularity is undeniable, whatever may be thought of some of his recent public performances—a reappearance, too, after retirement due to severe illness. In the second, it was the first speech by a Minister of the first rank made since the complete overthrow of his party. In the third, it was probably the last speech likely to be made by him or by any of his colleagues before their retirement into the umbrageous wilds of Opposition. These, of course, were attractions which it possessed even before it was delivered; and when it was delivered, they were supplemented by others. It was pretty to see Lord GRANVILLE talking so prettily about the Colonies and the mother-country, and though in past years he has been regarded as one of the most impenitent leaders of the "cutting-adrift" and "go-in-peace" school of Liberalism, no one can be readier than we are to admit that it is never too late to mend. The concession of the white ensign to Colonial ships is quite right and proper, and it is charming to hear that some of our outlying dockyards and ports are actually in course of being made defensible, and that some are so advanced that they will be able to defend themselves as soon as England can manage to find them a big gun that will not burst. The state of foreign and colonial relations generally is, according to Lord GRANVILLE, so eminently rosy that the speculative reader finds himself asking whether this rosiness is due to the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE was lately in, or to the fact that he took the earliest and most completely successful measures for putting himself out. Lord GRANVILLE, who is nothing if not courteous, praised his colleague and successor, Lord ROSEBERRY, handsomely, very handsomely indeed; so that, relapsing into the same pleasing confusion, the reader is left uncertain whether Lord GRANVILLE, if he were not Lord GRANVILLE, would not be Lord ROSEBERRY, and almost certain that Lord ROSEBERRY, if he were not Lord ROSEBERRY, could not do better than wish to be Lord GRANVILLE. Very seldom has the speaker exercised his remarkable talent for making things pleasant all round with such adroitness and success. A softer and more bland lather, bright with agreeable bubbles, and soothing all roughness with beneficent touch, never came from the brush of a more accomplished practitioner.

But undoubtedly the most interesting part of the whole speech—more interesting than white ensigns and embrasures all but ready for any gun which will just not burst, more interesting than the demonstration that Lord SALISBURY had had the superlative wisdom to borrow a Liberal policy, and that Lord ROSEBERRY had had the equally superlative wisdom

to borrow a Tory one—was found in the opening words which Lord GRANVILLE devoted to his own connexion with Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule schemes. It may be remembered that when the astounding *volteface* of the late Ministry was first announced Lord GRANVILLE's opinions were a matter of some curiosity. We do not say Lord GRANVILLE's course of action; for nobody supposed that he would take the trouble of resigning office and cutting himself loose from Mr. GLADSTONE for such a trifling matter as the Union. But still, what Lord GRANVILLE thought of it could not but be an interesting question. We now know what Lord GRANVILLE thought, or thinks he thought, of it, which is more than we know in regard to any other Minister except Mr. GLADSTONE himself. For even Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN confined himself to the announcement of his conversion with very indistinct explanations of its causes and progress. Lord GRANVILLE, it seems, did not "find" "salvation," indeed, that is not his way at all. Nor did he, like Mr. GLADSTONE, suddenly buy a small Irish history, discover that the Union was "blackguardism" and "baseness," and resolve to repeal it or die. We should imagine that Lord GRANVILLE, unlike his chief, had not postponed the study of Irish history till the eighth decade of his existence, and that he has been acquainted with the story of the Union for a good many years. His views, indeed, on the whole question, whatever may be thought of them from more exalted points of view, are eminently business-like. We do not gather that Lord GRANVILLE either approved or disapproved exactly of Mr. GLADSTONE's Bills. They were Mr. GLADSTONE's business; that was all. "We proposed our plan," says Lord GRANVILLE with a *naïveté* which may remind the reader of Mr. DICKENS's celebrated account of the genesis of his greatest and first book in the simple words, "I thought of" "Mr. PICKWICK" and wrote the first chapter." However, Lord GRANVILLE went a little further. He has always, it seems (though we are bound to say that, like his illustrious chief, he has kept the fact very much to himself), been in favour of a large extension of self-government to Ireland—which, it will be observed, is what many persons are in favour of who yet detest and abominate Mr. GLADSTONE's plans. Lord GRANVILLE, it seems, further preferred the late Lord RUSSELL's and the living Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's plan of Provincial Councils, of which, whatever its advantages and drawbacks, it is enough to say that it is essentially and unalterably incompatible with a single Legislature for Ireland. But he "was convinced" by Liberals who disagreed with him that this was impossible, and "by a process of exhaustion" he arrived at the conclusion that no plan was possible except, &c. Now, if Lord GRANVILLE means us to take exhaustion literally, that is to say, to understand that he contemplated severally every possible means of adjusting the relations of Great Britain and Ireland, and came to the conclusion that each was absolutely impossible, and that nothing possible was left but just the scheme which Mr. GLADSTONE proposed—if this be so, then we can only say that the process must have been as exhausting as it was exhaustive, and that we do not wonder that it made Lord GRANVILLE very ill.

We hope, however, that we shall not be thought guilty of impoliteness to the most polite of politicians if we suggest that this account, though no doubt representing what Lord GRANVILLE thinks to be the genesis of his conversion, is not very probable. All psychologists know that the motives which act, and the motives which an actor chooses on looking back to consider himself as having acted, are often, if not always, as different as any two things well can be. And as Lord GRANVILLE's own account of his mental exertions during the few days or weeks referred to is not literally acceptable, we should suggest another, which has at least the merit of probability, and is in accordance with the general practice of human kind. We do not doubt that Lord GRANVILLE proposed his General Councils. But the General Councils were pooh-poohed, and after that Lord GRANVILLE was quite ready to regard whatever plan Mr. GLADSTONE offered as the only thing possible. What really is curious is that Lord GRANVILLE, holding with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a certain definite opinion, should not, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, have declined to acquiesce in another plan, not merely different, but diametrically opposed to it. Somebody, it seems, told him that his own plan was impossible, but who was this infallible person? Why did not Lord GRANVILLE, with that agreeable persuasiveness of which he is a master, point out to the mysterious authority that nothing not self-contradictory is impossible till it is tried and proved to be so? Apparently



he was too busy in composing a critique of all possible forms of Irish government and dismissing each with a sigh as not workable. Of course, if anybody pleases, he may take that view of the matter. For ourselves, we venture to persist in our belief that a little critical reconstruction is necessary as to the mental process which led Lord GRANVILLE to Separation; and that, with the aid of his statement and of this critical reconstruction, it is possible to arrive at that process, not only in his own case, but in that of most, perhaps all, of his colleagues. Each, no doubt, had his little plan and his little belief. But Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY severally assured each that the little plan, the little belief, was hopeless, and that nothing—yes, nothing at all—was possible, except, as Lord GRANVILLE says, “one based on the principles,” &c. And then these accommodating Ministers said, “Ah, well! you two clever ones know best,” and the two clever ones had their way, at least with Lord GRANVILLE and those like unto him. There were, however, persons in the Liberal party less pliable or more self-conceited, and a very lucky thing it is for England that there were.

### TIREE.

THE Government, which is still responsible for the maintenance of peace and order, has apparently shown proper vigour in its preparations for dealing with the petty rebellion on the West Coast of the Highlands. It must be assumed that the small detachment of marines which has been despatched to the scene of disturbance is strong enough to deter the mutinous Crofters from resistance. It would be a grave misfortune if the vindication of the supremacy of law were effected at the cost of bloodshed, yet the only security against a collision between the troops and the insurgents is to be found in the display of visibly superior force. There could be little doubt of the result of a conflict between a body of highly disciplined soldiers and a rabble of unarmed shepherds, but after the success of the crofters in driving away the police, it is too possible that they may dangerously overrate their own strength. According to the latest account, the islanders are providing themselves with weapons of the most primitive kind, such as clubs, sticks shod with iron, and heaps of stones collected by the women to be used as missiles against the troops which are expected to land. The marines have little to fear, except that they may be compelled in self-defence to use their firearms, probably with fatal effect. Some alarmists fear that the Crofters will not shrink from a collision which would almost certainly involve loss of life. More sanguine observers remember that an outbreak of the same kind in Skye was suppressed by the mere presence of a gunboat and a few soldiers. The people of Tiree are undoubtedly in a dangerous state of excitement, though it is difficult to understand the cause of irritation. The Duke of ARGYLL states that the officers who were lately forced to quit the island were not even instructed to serve writs of ejectment. The violence of the islanders must be attributed to the influence of itinerant demagogues, who are probably more anxious to propagate social and political disaffection than to protect the alleged rights or interests of their clients. The agrarian agitators, who have within a few years succeeded in disturbing the loyalty of the Highlands, relied in their appeals to popular passion on the precedents of Irish anarchy and of the concessions by which it has been vainly encountered. The Crofters of Tiree have bettered their instructions by open defiance of the law. It is not known that even in Munster or Connaught a considerable body of police has been compelled to retreat from a district in which it was charged with the execution of legal process, and has left the rioters in temporary possession of the land which was the subject of dispute.

Historical and economical theories as to the moral or traditional claims of the Highland Crofters have but a remote bearing on the immediate issue. Antiquaries, who on these questions are seldom unbiassed, have often contended that, during the transition from the tribal system to the establishment of the ordinary rules which govern the rest of the kingdom, the Highland chieftains converted into private property of their own possessions which they had formerly held as in some sense trustees for the clan. As a century and a half has elapsed since the date of the supposed revolution, it is unnecessary to discuss questionable versions of history. A similar doctrine has of late years been extended to all private property in land, on the pretext that in Great Britain, as in almost all other countries,

separate ownership of land had not been established in early or prehistoric times. The Highland proprietors have now an undisputed title, even if it dated from the settlement of the country after the rebellion of 1745 and from the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions. If adverse claims are not to be quieted by a prescription of a hundred and fifty years, few landed estates in any country would be safely or peaceably enjoyed. Such controversies are, in fact, useless and vexatious when they are conducted with a view to practical results. For those who have neither the inclination nor the necessary knowledge for engaging in historical speculations, it is enough to know that the Courts have declared the law and the facts. The officers, who were accompanied by the police, in their late expedition to Tiree were acting under legal authority. One of the primary conditions of civilization is the submission to regular tribunals of disputes which in a state of barbarism are determined by private war. If the proceedings of the Tiree Crofters have been accurately reported, intruders without a shadow of legal right have taken possession of lands occupied by the lessee of an owner whose title is not disputed by the rioters. They offer to pay rent for the farm which they have forcibly occupied, although they can allege no demise to themselves or to any but the lawful tenant. There appears to be no complaint of the ejection of a former holder. The malcontents have driven their own cattle into the pastures in dispute, not in assertion of any supposed tenant-right, but because they think fit to declare that the land ought to be subdivided. The principal offender against popular doctrines seems himself to have been a conspicuous member of the local Association which exercises the functions and perhaps bears the name of the Land League. It is not known whether he was consciously violating the new code which threatens to supersede the law of the land. His crime is that he has taken a lease of a farm which had been formerly created by the consolidation of several petty holdings. There seems to have been no recent change in the character of the obnoxious farm. The question of the comparative advantages of large and small farms is of secondary importance at the present moment. The Crofters themselves affect not to assert any legal claim, but to establish a proprietary system which is paramount to the law of Scotland.

The case of Tiree is the more important because it has not arisen through the act or omission of a careless or oppressive landlord. Those who take an interest in the details of the business will do well to study an account of the former and present condition of the island, which was published three or four years ago by the Duke of ARGYLL. It may, of course, be objected that he is stating his own case, and that it would be just to hear on the other side the arguments of the representatives of the Crofters; but the main part of the Duke's pamphlet is rather historical than controversial, and it records a number of transactions which can scarcely admit of unintentional misrepresentation. The Crofters themselves would probably not suspect the writer of deliberate intention to deceive, though it would be rash to rely on the good faith or good breeding of literary and political agitators. Other great Scotch landowners have had experience of the reckless mendacity of some at least of the agrarian demagogues. In some instances the narrative of the Duke of ARGYLL would give rise rather to disputes on the character of his proceedings than to conflicts on matters of fact. On the merits of the Tiree controversy which has now passed beyond the region of argument, strangers are perhaps scarcely competent to form a confident opinion. In the Western Highlands, as in Connaught, the course of action which best promotes the welfare of the community may be at the same time the most unpopular. The wishes and feelings of the people are undoubtedly entitled to consideration even when they embody economic mistakes; but it sometimes happens that deference to local opinion involves the perpetuation of distress.

The Duke of ARGYLL in his record of his dealings with the inhabitants of Tiree goes back to the second or third preceding generation. In the second half of the last century one or more of his predecessors were negligent in the management of their estates; and on his accession to the title in early youth, he found it necessary to form definite plans for checking subdivision of land, with its natural result of excessive population. He has now for thirty or forty years steadily kept in view the expediency of discouraging tenancies of small patches of land which were insufficient for the proper maintenance of a family. It may

of course be argued that the DUKE considered his own interest as well as the prosperity of the population; but in the Western Islands, as in Ireland, the highest rents might probably be exacted from the poorest and most numerous occupiers. It was during the present DUKE's incumbency, or immediately before his time, that the poverty of the islanders was aggravated by the cessation of the gains which were formerly derived from the collection and sale of kelp. When this comparatively profitable industry disappeared, small holdings became even less advantageous than before, and the hardships which ensued would, of course, be readily attributed to the fault of the landlord. Whether or not the DUKE of ARGYLL has always been well advised, he has conscientiously devoted his great abilities and his sound economic knowledge to the improvement of the condition of his tenants at Tiree and on his other estates. They might by this time perhaps have been more prosperous if he could have administered his property with more absolute power. He can, of course, claim no credit for restricting his action within legal limits. Those who are concerned in the petty insurrection of Tiree contend, not that the landlord has strained or exceeded his legal powers, but that the law itself is bad. There can be little doubt that, even if the interest of the occupiers alone were consulted, they are wholly mistaken. The issue which their violence has raised is of more serious character. If the courts of law are no longer able to procure execution of their decrees, not only Tiree, but Scotland, or rather the United Kingdom, is in a state of anarchy.

#### MR. PROCTOR'S AMERICANISMS.

MR. PROCTOR has been at it again. It is not a year ago that we suggested to him the cultivation of a Marine Mongoose to kill off the sea-serpents which seem to inhabit the seven-leagued boots wherewith he strides across three continents disseminating very popular science; and now, in the pages of a magazine modestly entitled *Knowledge*, of which he is the editor, he has not hesitated to reprint the jibe of an enemy that he had apparently taken for his motto, "*Le savoir, c'est moi.*" Science is Mr. PROCTOR's forte and omniscience is his foible; and he would take command of the Channel Fleet to-morrow. With a delightful self-satisfaction, before which the self-confidence of WHEWELL and that of Lord JOHN RUSSELL pale their ineffectual fires, Mr. PROCTOR has stepped up smiling to a close encounter with the awful spectre of the American language. In the present inflamed condition of the Fisheries dispute between the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada, it is unwise, not to say unpatriotic, of Mr. PROCTOR to enter again on a discussion of American parts of speech, and of the nice derangement of epitaphs which fall on the ear of the Englishman who wanders in America, and of the American who comes to England. Nor is Mr. PROCTOR content to criticize the American vocabulary, he must also reveal his hatred of the American national game; no doubt it is to Mr. PROCTOR's advantage, both personal and financial, that he eschews Poker; to play that noble game as it ought to be played demands both coolness of temper and knowledge of human nature.

Mr. PROCTOR's phrase-book of American as she is spoke is contained in the numbers of *Knowledge* for March, April, June, and July, and, like any other serial story, it is to be continued in our next. In a note to the first instalment of his vocabulary he confesses that he has taken as his chief authority BARTLETT'S *Dictionary of Americanisms*, one of the most inaccurate, ill-made, misleading books on any subject in any language. When Mr. PROCTOR follows Mr. BARTLETT, it is the blind leading the blind, and together they fall into ditches enough to irrigate all India. Mr. PROCTOR is seemingly ignorant of Colonel NORTON'S Glossary of "Political Americanisms," published a year or so ago in the *Magazine of American History*, and of the late RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S series of destructive criticisms of BARTLETT'S book, published three or four years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. GRANT WHITE had his faults, but he could fight stoutly when need be; and even his crushing of the Baconian theory of SHAKESPEARE was not more complete than his pulverizing criticism of BARTLETT'S Dictionary. To what heights of contemptuous anger Mr. WHITE would rise if he could only see the result of the addition of Mr. PROCTOR'S want of knowledge to the half-learning of Mr. BARTLETT, it is painful to imagine. Mr. PROCTOR, *s.v.* "Bit," says, "I must admit great ignorance as to the real meaning of this word"; he might have admitted it as to the real

meaning of dozens of the other words which he sets down. As a proof that Mr. PROCTOR does not know an Americanism when he sees it, we may note that he accepts as of Transatlantic origin the cockney "I feel bad" (=I feel ill), the schoolboy "bullyrag," the ancient and honourable "to dicker" (=to bargain), and the literary vulgarism, "to elect," in the sense of choosing one of two alternatives.

Not only does Mr. PROCTOR include as Americanisms many words and phrases which cannot justly so be called, and fail miserably in giving exact or adequate definitions of many real Americanisms, but he is also wholly at sea in regard to the many words and phrases now in use in the United States, and handed down to the present Anglo-Saxon inhabitants from the earlier French or Spanish settlers. He tells us that "Chowder" is "a dish of fish, pork, onions, and biscuit"—a most inaccurate definition of a most delicious dish—and he fails absolutely to note that the dish was invented by the Canadian *voyageurs* (perhaps aided in the task by the recollection of *bouillabaisse*), and that the name is a corruption of *chaudière*, the receptacle in which the savoury mess was compounded. And, in like manner, he declares that a "Bonanza" is "Spanish, a big scheme, by which (honestly or otherwise) much money is made." Here, again, the point is completely missed and the meaning wholly misstated. The Spanish-speaking Californians applied the word *bonanza* (i.e. "good fortune" or "good luck") to the discovery of any vein or pocket of extraordinary richness; the great silver mines on the Comstock lode were the Bonanza mines, *par excellence*; and it is only since they became known that the word has got into general use in the Atlantic States. Mr. PROCTOR'S first four instalments exhaust only the first five letters of the alphabet. Among his many omissions is the very characteristic and picturesque Americanism for a circular saw—"a buzz saw." We shall await the later numbers of the series with the greatest interest. Especially are we desirous of discovery whether Mr. PROCTOR has ever heard a "horse-fiddle" and if he can tell us what manner of man a "hauled mealer" may be.

#### CAUTIONS FOR MINISTERS.

ONE of the gravest dangers which threatens a Conservative Government is the temptation to compete with its predecessors in the promise or production of apparently popular measures. Although they have had the good fortune to fight the late battle on a single issue, their leaders may be well assured that their real hold on the country depends on a belief in their prudence and moderation. Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers had frightened almost all classes by threatening almost all interests. Not only was the Government suspected of meditating dangerous legislation, but every private member in search of notoriety could count on official support in extemporaneous attacks on institutions large and small, from the Church Establishment down to the London Parks. The Irish Government Bill, while it was hateful in itself, provoked additional suspicion because it was the most striking illustration of the formidable doctrine that in England there are no fundamental laws. By a fortunate miscalculation, the most unscrupulous of Ministers relied too confidently on his own pernicious influence. The gun burst with the testing charge which was to prove its capacity of resistance; and the experimental process of disturbance and anarchy will have once more to commence at the beginning. It is because the constituencies trust Lord SALISBURY and his future colleagues to avoid similar risks that they have returned his supporters in sufficient numbers to form by far the strongest party in the House of Commons. Last year's ruinous blunder of competing with Mr. GLADSTONE for the favour of the Parnellites is not likely to be repeated. The dangerous levity of Lord DERBY'S boast that he had "dished the Whigs" is not forgotten after the lapse of twenty years.

Revolutionary politicians, no longer allied with Whigs, will not be "dished" by attempts to outbid them. The new Government will meet at the hands of the hostile leader neither with generosity nor with justice, and it may be hoped that its members will be proof against cajolery. On the eve of their last retirement from office, Mr. GLADSTONE tried to entangle Lord SALISBURY in a system of plausible concessions to the Irish Nationalists. If the intrigue had not been baffled by the Cabinet's unanimous rejection of the overture, the Conservatives would almost have found themselves disarmed in the later contest against Home Rule. If



the incoming Government were to countenance any subversive measure, Mr. GLADSTONE would hasten to offer insidious aid. Such a feeble compromise as the institution of Provincial Councils in Ireland would be encouraged as a step in the direction of an Irish Parliament. It is not even necessary to accept the hackneyed assumption that some kind of legislation is immediately necessary for Ireland. The experiment of enforcing the law, and, if necessary, of rendering it more efficient, ought to be tried before additional powers are conferred on the disaffected part of the population. Irish rural municipalities, when they are created, must be restrained from abusing their authority for political purposes.

There is no reason why a Conservative Government should content itself with the duty of discouraging wanton and habitual innovation. Some proposed changes in the laws affecting the transfer of land have approved themselves to the most competent judges; and additional facilities may perhaps be given for the creation of allotments without mischievous interference with the rights of property. In one important department there is at least in Great Britain room for useful constructive legislation. Local government has been too commonly treated as a subject for political agitation; and in Lord BEACONSFIELD'S time the opportunity of satisfying a general and reasonable demand was blamably neglected. Nothing could be more natural than the distaste of the landed gentry for changes which would deprive them of some of the traditional functions of their class; but the levy and expenditure of taxes by bodies which were not ostensibly elected by the contributors could not be maintained when it was once seriously questioned. There was neither malversation nor negligence in the conduct of county business; but the system was doomed from the time when it was discovered to be anomalous. All parties are now agreed that the control of county finance must be restricted to elected bodies, and, though taxation and representation will be, in fact, more widely separated than before, a semblance of symmetry will abolish some pretexts for plausible discontent. The landowners, who are the ultimate paymasters, will be deprived of a privilege which has become invidious. Some of them will perhaps be elected as members of County Boards, and all must be content to acquiesce in an inevitable change.

The new Local Government in rural districts ought to follow as nearly as possible the precedent of urban municipalities. The County Boards or Corporations will certainly add to the amount of local taxation; but they will in return be able to attain many objects of public utility for which there has hitherto been no provision. The Justices in Quarter Sessions are thrifty administrators of public funds; but they have not, either by law or by custom, power to effect the improvements which are habitually undertaken by the great City corporations. Elected authorities will have a larger discretion and a higher ambition. The Government, when it introduces a measure for the establishment of rural municipalities, ought not to define their functions in any grudging spirit. It may perhaps be necessary to resist wild proposals for the interposition of Provincial Councils or Parliaments between the central Government and the County Boards. The only security for freedom and good government will be found in the restriction to the national Parliament of all legislation beyond the range of municipal by-laws. The proper business of municipalities, in town or country, is to administer the laws, and not to make them. The establishment of a Parliament for Lancashire, for the Eastern Counties, or for Wales would be at the same time reactionary and anarchical. The project may perhaps not be revived, inasmuch as it was originally devised as an accompaniment of a fantastical form of Home Rule. The Conservative Government ought to have no difficulty in defeating plans for the restoration of the Heptarchy, and its power of resistance will be increased by a comprehensive scheme of local organization.

On the conduct of the two sections of Liberal Unionists the Government will exercise no direct influence. The new Radical Association of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is leader openly avows its desire of restoring the unity of the Liberal party. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has never publicly differed from Mr. GLADSTONE except on the question of an Irish Parliament. The Government of Ireland Bill was, if the assertions of its author might be trusted, dead before the last Parliament was dissolved, and by the subsequent result of the elections it is effectually buried. Nothing survives but a new and gratuitous difficulty in maintaining order in Ireland and personal resentments which can scarcely have

yet subsided. Yielding to his temper rather than consulting his interests, Mr. GLADSTONE, in election speeches, letters, and telegrams, incessantly denounced as seceders, and almost as traitors, the most sympathetic of his former allies and adherents. In one missive of more than ordinary insolence he spoke of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S independent action as if it had been a schoolboy misdemeanour which required, according to the pedagogue, "serious notice" from the competent authorities. It is said that Mr. GLADSTONE'S partisans share his indignation against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but a schism which is caused by mere jealousy and anger will not be permanent. The rival sections, even if they are reunited, will still be in a minority, unless the Radical Unionists are persuaded to share Mr. GLADSTONE'S complicity with the disaffected Irish. During the interval which must elapse before any such combination becomes possible, a capable and judicious Cabinet ought to have greatly strengthened its position by deserving and acquiring the confidence of the country.

It is not known whether Lord HARTINGTON would, if he had had only his own opinion to consider, have joined Lord SALISBURY'S Government. It is certain that his tacit or express refusal was rendered inevitable by the adverse feeling of his followers. Many moderate Liberals cherish the illusion that they are separated from their former Radical allies only on the main issue of Irish Home Rule. They will recognize their mistake when they find themselves voting with the Conservative party against socialist and revolutionary motions. Some of them will by degrees abandon their neutral position in one direction and some in another. In the meantime it may be hoped that the general body, and especially their leader, will discountenance attempts to overthrow the only Government which is at present possible. In assisting to defeat Mr. GLADSTONE the moderate Liberal Unionists must have been prepared for the necessary consequence of the victory in which they have shared. It is true that, as long as Lord HARTINGTON and his followers sit on the Liberal side of the House, their co-operation will be fitful and uncertain. A stable Government must receive the daily support of a majority to which the official "Whip" can issue his summons. It is not enough that an independent and separate contingent should reject votes of censure, or even concur in votes of confidence; yet, in default of more satisfactory conditions, the new Ministers must discharge to the best of their ability duties which they can scarcely have coveted. They will avoid a main danger if they decline to copy the restless policy of their predecessors.

#### AMATEUR LITERARY DETECTIVES.

PEOPLE who have a craze for playing at being detectives are common enough in novels, and perhaps are not wholly unknown in real life. They have read EDGAR POE, they have read GABORIAU in translations, and when a crime is committed they fancy they can rival M. LECOQ. They are not a very sensible or reputable set of mortals; but perhaps they are not so excessively stupid and probably not so feebly spiteful as the race of Amateur Literary Detectives. When a new work, especially a new novel or a new play, is successful, instead of being glad that they have got a good thing, these dull folk set to work to raise a cry of "plagiarism." This, that, or the other incident has been "stolen" from a book, or a newspaper, or another play. We have even known the author of a play which had never been accepted at all claim copyright in a work by an author who had never seen the unrepresented and unprinted piece in his life. As a matter of fact, most possible and impossible situations were invented before literature began, were used by the authors of the anonymous popular tales which are scattered over all the world, and they now underlie all the world's poetry, from HOMER to SHAKESPEARE, and from SHAKESPEARE to SCOTT. The artist's business is to use this human material successfully; it is not his business to invent such things as never occurred before, either in fiction or fact. DRYDEN said that a wholly original modern poet would come when the MESSIAH of the Jews came, and not before. A wholly original novelist may be expected at the same date.

The amateur literary detective is always a very stupid man or woman, and is often allowed to bestow all his tediousness (perhaps not undeservedly) on the people who read the *Athenæum*. When they are weary of the taste and accuracy of the personal gossip in that brilliant journal, they may turn to the bogus discoveries of the amateur detectives.

Of late it is Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, the author of *The Witch's Head* and *King Solomon's Mines*, who has been handed over to these tormentors. They have been publishing letters for about two months for the purpose of proving that certain African adventures in *King Solomon's Mines* are "conveyed" from certain books of African travel. Thus, a gentleman of the pleasing name of F. FAITHFULL BEGG wrote to say that Mr. HAGGARD's use of a set of false teeth in his novel was very like an incident in Mr. THOMSON's *Masai Land*. Some one else had discovered that the astonishment of the savages on seeing GOOD's white legs in the romance was pariously akin to a similar event in Mr. JOHNSTON's *Kilima Njaro Expedition*. Mr. HAGGARD took the trouble of replying that he had not read Mr. JOHNSTON's book, nor even seen it, and that *King Solomon's Mines* was published six weeks earlier than the volume to which it was supposed to be indebted. He added that the business of the "white legs" occurred to a relative of his own, as indeed it must have occurred dozens of times when white men undressed before black men.

This denial appears explicit enough, but the female detective had still to be reckoned with. A lady wrote promptly to the *Athenæum*, and thus took up her tale:—"No one seems to remember that Mr. H. H. JOHNSTON's "book" (on Kilima Njaro) "appeared first in the form of "letters contributed by him to the *Daily Telegraph* nearly a year before the book itself was published. Possibly Mr. RIDER HAGGARD is not a reader of the *Daily Telegraph*, but "it is difficult to accept his defence, which lies in the fact that "his story was written in the first months of 1885, and published on the 1st of October, 1885, when we remember that "a series of letters entitled 'The Kilima Njaro Expedition' "were (sic) being sent by Mr. H. H. JOHNSTON from Africa "to Fleet Street nine months before *King Solomon's Mines* "were (sic) ever heard of." Now Mr. HAGGARD's "defence" was that he "had not yet had the pleasure of reading, or "even seeing, Mr. JOHNSTON's book." The lady detective of the *Athenæum*, therefore, charges a man with reading a book in its newspaper form, with taking an incident from it, and then with saying, when accused of the act, that "he had not read or even seen the book." This would be a prevarication that might startle even the oldest and most hardened of politicians. It seems odd that such an accusation should be published against any one whose fault is having diverted the public with a boy's book.

As an example of the kind of thing which misleads the stupidity of amateur detectives, we may mention a recent coincidence. Various newspapers this week published the surgical case of "a boy with cat's eyes." This boy is in the Eye Infirmary at Chicago. His eyeballs, in the dark, "glisten like balls of fire," and in a dark room "he can "see perfectly." A peculiar distribution of the iris is said to account for these accomplishments. Probably it occurred to more than one reader of the paragraph about the boy that he, or some one like him, might be a useful character in a novel. Let no one use the *truc*. The amateur detectives of the *Athenæum* will certainly charge him with stealing from *Les Cravates Blanches* of M. ADOLPHE BELOT. It will be vain to reply that you never saw or read a book called *Les Cravates Blanches*. The lady detective will say:—"Perhaps not; "but *Les Cravates Blanches* came out in a serial form in "the *Figaro* or the *Gil Blas*," or whatever it was, "and "you must have read it there." It is a fact that M. BELOT has introduced a murderer with cat's eyes, in all respects like the eyes of the boy in the Chicago Infirmary. Probably some one will write to the *Athenæum* to say that the boy, Master QUINN, stole his eyes from *Les Cravates Blanches*.

#### THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

FOR various reasons not necessary to specify here, the criminal statistics of foreign countries seldom yield much instruction to the English jurist and legislator. This we take to be the case even when they are as complete and informing as investigation can make them, and in this respect the difference between one statistical report and another is often very considerable. Perhaps the furthest point of imperfection and inutility is reached in the Report entitled "Etat actuel de la question de la peine de mort "en Suisse," to which the *Times* the other day devoted three-quarters of a column of abstract and another column of editorial comment. The correspondent who furnishes the former of these contributions observes frankly that "this "Report, which is from the pen of Dr. GUILLAUME, the

"Governor of the prison of Neuchâtel, can perhaps hardly "be said to contribute much assistance towards a decision "on the alternative either of the retention or the abolition "of capital punishment." Hardly, indeed; considering the limitation of its contents, which is such as to compel us even to deny it the subsidiary credit claimed for it by its analyst, as "indicating very clearly the practical action of the Swiss "people and their local executive bodies in this department." To us, we confess, it appears to throw no more light on the "practical action" of these communities than would be thrown, for instance, on the "practical action" of an investor by the statement that he had laid out so much or so little money, unaccompanied by any information as to what he got for it. Action with reference to the punishment of crime is, at any rate, if practical, not intelligible, except to those who are furnished with some particulars as to the statistics of crime itself, and it is precisely that information which is wanting in Dr. GUILLAUME's Report. All that it tells us is that eight of the Swiss cantons have availed themselves of the powers resumed by the Federation in 1879 of re-imposing the punishment of death, but that during the last seven years, and for periods varying from a dozen to upwards of forty years, no capital sentence has been executed among them. We are not told, except in one or two cases, whether any such sentence has been passed or not, and we have not a line or a figure to show what was the number of crimes nominally punishable with the death penalty which have been committed in the various cantons since that penalty took its place upon their codes. Thus, for instance, we read that "Appenzell restored the capital "penalty in 1881, but no sentence of death has since been "pronounced. The last execution was in 1849 by public de-"capitation, and the horrible scene which took place on the "occasion has left a very painful memory." It is to be hoped that no horrible scenes leaving behind them painful memories have been enacted since then by *messieurs les assassins*, and that the Appenzellers have not been placed at any grave disadvantage in this way by reason of the extraordinary durability of their nervous impressions. But we are left to guess whether this is so or not. So, again, of Unterwalden, where the capital penalty was restored in 1880, but no execution has occurred since 1846; of Uri, where the former date is 1880, and the latter 1861, and of the Valais, where they are 1883 and 1844 respectively. In Zug we are told that capital punishment by "private "beheading"—which seems somehow to have quite a cosy and comfortable sound—was restored in 1882, but that the canton has not witnessed an execution for about fifty years.

All this appears to us to be very unprofitable matter in the absence of any record of crimes. The amount of trustworthy inference which any statistics can yield as to the efficacy of the death punishment as a deterrent depends entirely upon the question of the firmness and regularity with which the punishment is inflicted; and on this question we have in the present instance no direct light whatever. Such reflected illumination as it gets, however, appears to us by no means to encourage the belief that the powers of the law have been resolutely administered in Switzerland. Thus, for instance, it is stated that, while public opinion in Lucerne "approves "the death penalty, and regards it as of deterrent efficacy "for the prevention of murder," we read further that no execution has taken place since the year 1867, and that when "a murderer of some notoriety" was recently sentenced to death at Lucerne the case "excited great "controversy and division of parties, and ultimately resulted "in a commutation of the sentence to perpetual imprisonment." A community which approves of the capital penalty for murder, and believes it of deterrent efficacy, but cannot bring itself after "great controversy and division of "parties" to put even a "notorious murderer" to death, is evidently not a witness of much value to us on this question. When, too, we find that upon a total popular vote of nearly 400,000 on the question of revising the Federal Constitution so as to permit of the reimposition of capital punishment by cantonal legislation, the affirmative was only carried by some 19,000 votes; and when further we note the extraordinary vacillation displayed in Zürich, where the death-penalty was revived in 1883 by 28,000 odd against 25,000 odd votes, and this decision again rescinded by 27,000 odd against 21,000 odd votes in 1885, before effect could be given to it, it becomes pretty clear that the Swiss mind is in a somewhat fluid condition on the point. Towards the end of the *Times*' Correspondent's communication, it begins apparently to dawn upon him that statistics of



penalty are of no very great service without statistics of crime. He observes gravely that "one essential element towards arriving at a definite conclusion is also lacking in the Report." It "contributes no numerical returns as to the increase or decrease of homicidal or other serious crimes in Switzerland"—a circumstance of which he hazards the explanation that "in some of the cantons especially there are no adequate arrangements for the collection of complete and reliable criminal statistics." It will no doubt be remembered that the sedative action of opium and the invisibility of the Spanish Armada from Tilbury Fort were both accounted for by similar processes of reasoning. We fully agree, however, with the correspondent that the absence of the "element" which he desiderates is material. It is almost as much so indeed as would be the entire omission of the left-hand column of "numerical returns" from a debtor and creditor account. We agree, too, that this absence is very inadequately compensated by the mere expression of Dr. GUILLAUME'S opinion that in most of the cantons individually there is no increase of homicidal crime, but on the contrary rather "a decrease." In the absence of statistical proof, "such general statements may assuredly be open to question," especially as it seems that "at any rate some very horrible murders have occasionally spread consternation over some cantons."

Even supposing, however, that the Report above referred to were as informing as to the state of crime and its punishment in Switzerland as it is the reverse, it would be of very little service to what may be called the comparative study of the subject. HORACE once asked a question which has been worn so threadbare by the repetition of every one who has ever desired to point the distinction between law and morals that we are certainly not going to quote it textually here. But we must not forbear to insist on an important jurisprudential truth because a particular expression of it happens to have become hackneyed, especially when it is a truth which is most apt to be forgotten by those who are fond of the aforesaid comparative method of investigation with respect to crime and its punishment. The truth in question is simply this—that you must look, not at a nation's codes of law, but at its canons of conduct; not at the condition of its statute-book, but at the state of its public opinion. Among nations which take a comparatively lenient view of homicide it matters little for practical purposes whether the crime is legally punishable by death or not; for we may be pretty certain that the capital penalty will seldom or never be enforced. It may occasionally happen to such a nation to be seized with a paroxysm of indignation at some exceptionally atrocious murder, and, as in the case of Switzerland, to hurriedly resume the powers of punishing the crime with death; but, on the subsidence of popular emotion, the new weapon is allowed to rust unused. Here in England our legislators have fortunately no such hot and cold fits of public sentiment to reckon with. The instinct of all the more manly and sensible part of the people is one of stern detestation of murder and of healthy repugnance for the mawkish sentimentalism which finds excuses for the murderer. The little clique of pseudo-humanitarians who at one time pretended to represent the "better mind" of the country on the subject have become less and less formidable every year, and have at last sunk into almost complete obscurity and insignificance. Nothing now threatens the maintenance of the death penalty for homicide, unless it be the still surviving imperfection and anomalies of our criminal jurisprudence and a general discontent with our faulty method of execution and its too often bungling practitioners. Nothing, of course, would be more childishly absurd than to change our law and abolish a deterrent punishment on the strength of these objections, even if they were irremovable, and that is very far from being the case. It is, no doubt, easier to begin with the cord than the code; but there should be no great difficulty with either. There is no reason to be discouraged either by the failure of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the latter case nor with the blunders of BINNS and his successors in the former. It ought surely to be within the resources of so old a civilization as our own to devise some juridical method of discriminating between the more and the less heinous of our murderers, and to discover some decently skilful executioner who can rid the world of the worst of them with reasonable humanity and despatch.

#### ABOUT THOSE EELS?

EVERY friend of humanity, and many persons who do not arrogate to themselves that fine old title, must heartily regret that Amsterdam has been the scene of a disturbance calculated to make Mr. HYNDMAN'S mouth water, and to put ex-gunner CHAMPION'S nose out of joint. If we are to believe Baron REUTER and divers newspaper correspondents, "upon whose veracity," as judges say to juries, "not the slightest imputation has been suggested," the capital of Holland has been the scene of not merely serious but sanguinary riots, in which the military have been called out and set actively to work, and considerable numbers of persons have been killed, while the wounded are counted by hundreds.

And all for what? To effect a revolution, a *coup d'état*, or a change of dynasty? Not so; simply and solely because the police took it into their heads to interfere with a singular and not very intelligible amusement to which Demos in Amsterdam appears to be passionately addicted. The most elaborate account of this pursuit which has yet come to hand is due to the correspondent of the *Standard*. He defines it as "a cruel popular sport in which the mob was accustomed to kill eels attached to cord over a canal, a diversion of an obviously brutalizing and degrading character." This account of the matter is tantalizing in a high degree. The epithets beg the question. No doubt some people think that to kill anything anyhow (except an Irish peasant with small shot in his legs) is cruel. But is it "obviously brutalizing and degrading" to catch eels with a night-line? And can it be urged that eels so caught are not "attached to cord"? If it means that the eels are deliberately butchered to make a Dutchman's holiday, why does it not say so? And, in that case, why was the degrading practice not put down before? And why is it put down now? And why are they of Amsterdam enraged, even to bloodshed, at its suppression? The affair is full of mystery.

It is, of course, an obvious suggestion—too obvious to have escaped the correspondents in their moments of subsequent reflection—that the proletariat of Holland has long been seething for revolution, and that the abolition of the eel-game—which appears on further description to be a boorish and Amsterdammish variety of the noble, if not humane, sport of gander-pulling, still known in America—was like the greased cartridges which provided the immediate occasion for the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. But, if this were so, why was it kept so dark? Holland is not generally supposed to be the home of grinding tyranny, and there are other ways of denoting an opinion that there are grievances about besides waiting until the police interfere with the killing of "eels attached to cord." Even since the riots we learn that the Socialists held a meeting "under the protection of soldiers," which really sounds as if the person responsible for public order in Amsterdam had taken a leaf out of the book of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Mr. CHILDERS. There is no sense in attacking soldiers who ask nothing better than to be allowed to protect your meetings. Many a silly man marched in the hop-pole procession of two years ago, but none was so foolish as to use his rustic implement upon the helmet of the gentleman in blue sent from Whitehall on purpose to give him room to flourish it. Altogether, either there is more than meets the eye in this story of the eels, or the Dutch are very odd people.

#### THE BLENHEIM SALE AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE proprietors of the National Gallery—the people, that is, for whose use and benefit it exists—must have been surprised to learn that their collection is deficient in the works of RUBENS. The Blenheim sale has been made the occasion of one of those displays—we might almost say those outbreaks—of ignorance which every now and then occur to convince us that it takes many years to bring the most obvious facts home to the intellect of the enfranchised Englishman. The average visitor at the great show in Trafalgar Square remembers the RUBENS pictures, whether he will or no; he has in fact, so vigorous are they in design and colour, no choice in the matter. They remain in the memory long after more delicate and less forcible work has been forgotten. The RUBENS landscape, the celebrated "Château de Stein," which has been in the National Gallery ever since 1826, when it was presented by Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT, is at least as well known as any other

landscape. The "Rape of the Sabines," the "Judgment of Paris," the allegory of "Peace and War," the "Horrors of War," and the religious pictures, the "Brazen Serpent" and the "Conversion of St. Bavon," are chiefly in his best manner, neither too great nor too small, and leave but little to be supplied as suitable to a public gallery. The "Silenus" of the PEEL collection is in his coarser style, and would hardly have been selected by itself; but with it we have the "Chapeau de Poil," which as an example of RUBENS's portrait-painting is invaluable; and we have at least two fine sketches in oil, one of them the design for a plate in monochrome, acquired last year. Finally, we have his copy of part of the famous Mantegna procession, at Hampton Court. A mere list of names like this shows at once that RUBENS is more than fairly represented at the National Gallery; and a comparison of the Blenheim collection of his works, sold last week at CHRISTIE'S, though it showed that we have no portrait equal to that of "Anne of Austria," and no figure subject in his large style equal to the "Venus and Adonis," still, compared with what we have, these are not irreparable wants; and whether we want them or not, the evidence afforded by the letters alluded to above shows us that the pictures we have are insufficiently known. Thus, one learned correspondent of a daily paper appears only to have seen the "Chapeau de Poil," and laments the lost chance of adding another to our slender stock of pictures (or at least portraits) by so rare a master; while, not to be outdone, Lord THURLOW, in reply, is nearly sure that we have another RUBENS, and is quite sure that "Chapeau de Poil" ought to be "Chapeau de Paille." Had this been all, it might have been forgotten; but the letter-writer is not content with what may be described as subjective nonsense. It is evident that Lord THURLOW, although he notices a few wants, would prefer that no pictures should be bought, and wonders whether "the time has not almost come to announce that 'no more purchases will be made of works of art for 'national collections.' The reason for this extraordinary suggestion is, not that we have, but that we have not, all that we require; and that gifts and bequests are more likely to be made if the annual grant is stopped. Furthermore, Lord THURLOW is convinced that the present system of recruiting the national collection in the open market is a mistake, as we have to pay the highest price. This is a fallacy in itself, on which we need not insist; as it is well known that a vigilant official buyer can make his high-priced pictures and his bargains balance each other by buying at sales as he can never do when such pictures as the "Ansidei Madonna," or the VANDYKE "Portrait of Charles I.," are to be had by private contract. But as to the stimulation of generosity in gifts and bequests, we have only to remember the long centuries when no national money was voted for pictures, and it cannot be said that the national collection thrived under such advantageous circumstances. Nay, it is just at such times when there is most money voted, just when the public interest in works of art is at its highest point, that the largest gifts and the most munificent legacies are received. If any one doubts this he has only to turn to the annual lists. The State suing for pictures *in forma pauperis*, the National Gallery supported like a hospital by voluntary subscriptions, would be a pitiable sight, and to know what it would be like we have only to look back to the days of GEORGE II., when, in spite of the absence of an annual grant, there was no collection of pictures belonging to the public. It is satisfactory to see that the Director has acquired at the Blenheim sale an example of a rare Dutch master, DE PAPE, and we may hope that even the self-denying suggestions of Lord THURLOW will never leave the Gallery so poor that when a picture is really required, whether the grant has been mortgaged or not, funds will be forthcoming, and the general public willing that they should be voted for the purpose.

#### THE STREETS.

A YEAR ago the principal thoroughfares of London, especially the Strand, Fleet Street, Pall Mall, and parts of Regent Street and Piccadilly, were in a condition disgraceful to a civilized country. It was impossible to walk ten yards without being importuned to buy printed matter, every vendor of which was committing an offence in offering it to the public. After the nuisance had endured for six weeks, or rather more, the strong but sleepy arm of the law was with great difficulty aroused to action. In one day the

streets were cleared, and the vendors of garbage either fell back upon the penny toys of quotidian commerce, or slunk into courts and alleys whither respectable people were not obliged to follow them.

The lesson then taught was that a single word spoken by the police is enough to abate that sort of nuisance. But those who have been entrusted with this great and salutary power do not seem to have learnt the corollary that they ought to exercise it for the public convenience, and that they are not justified in permitting a nuisance which is so easily suppressed to be inflicted upon us until it becomes too shameful to be tolerated any longer. At the moment of writing the number of abject beings who turn a dishonest penny in flagrant defiance of the common and statute law by the open and ostentatious sale of indecent prints is hardly less than it was a year ago. Technically speaking, the responsibility rests upon every police constable who sees a nuisance or street offence being openly committed, and does not interfere to put a stop to it. But practically it is necessary that the members of so large and complex a force as the metropolitan police should be subject to quasi-military discipline, and they cannot therefore be expected spontaneously to deal with a specific and widely-spread nuisance unless they receive general orders to do so. It is to the CHIEF COMMISSIONER that we look for such orders to be given. If our new broom is going to justify his selection by sweeping clean, he could not begin better than by taking prompt action in respect of the current affliction. We commend the matter to Sir CHARLES WARREN's most particular attention.

#### THE LABRADOR FAMINE.

NOTHING can be more terrible than the reports of the famine in Labrador. If we heard that a dozen men were blocked up in a coal-mine and cut off from food, all England would go wild over their sufferings and the chances of their rescue. But distance so deadens our sense of sympathy that we hear, with comparative indifference, of several thousands of persons in a position as deplorable and apparently more hopeless.

It is natural to trust that the news from Labrador may be exaggerated, if it is not, as has been hinted, a wild hoax. Probably the whole native population does not amount to the 15,000 who are said to be starving. Certainly the settlements of the Europeans cannot be without resources. But, many or few, it is apparently too certain that the inhabitants are as completely walled in from the world by mountains of ice and by the frozen seas as if the earth had fallen in on a coal-mine. While we cannot, of course, implicitly believe the statistics of the distress, it is known to be possible that a new glacial age on a small scale has locked the fiords and isles, closed Hudson's Bay, and, what is worse, has deprived the Indians and Eskimo of their usual means of subsistence. They live on fish and game. The protracted frost has caused the failure of the fisheries, and the migration southward of Polar bears means that the country behind them is a starving waste. The Polar bear does not mind cold, but where he cannot get enough to eat men must die of hunger.

Unfortunately the stories of the extremes to which the natives have been driven by famine are only too plausible and probable, too much in accordance with the habits of savages all the world over. In the last generation a broken and fugitive tribe of Bechuanas, in South Africa, became professed cannibals, and made their awful home in a gorge to which they dragged human captives. A certain district of Natal was occupied not very long ago by a race of cannibals, whose peculiarly terrible ritual has left a ghastly memory, and even now the Kaffirs fear to cross a territory which so swarms with ghosts. If races on the Kaffir level of civilization, in a climate like that of South Africa, and a country comparatively rich, can sink in a moment to such depths, we can expect nothing better than what we hear from natives of the frozen North. Much further south than Labrador, among the Ojibeways, KOHL found countless stories of the Windigoes, or outcasts and broken men, who betook themselves to the most horrible mode of living. The "Windigo mania" becomes epidemic in the forest, and the Algonkin tales are as full of cannibals as the Zulu legends. In FRANKLIN's expedition the *tripe de roche*, a bitter mountain vegetable, was known to the natives as *Windigo wakon*, or "cannibal's cabbage." It is too certain that many of our subjects in Labrador must be reduced



to this last wretched food of shipwrecked men and lost Polar expeditions, the *tripe de roche*.

The normal condition of the Labrador tribes is very well described by Mr. HIND in his *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula* (LONGMANS: 1863). "Are your people ever starved during the winter?" he asked the Nasquapees. "Yes, when they cannot get deer they must starve." In 1790 a famine was caused by wolves, which almost entirely destroyed the deer in Upper Canada. The snow lay four or five feet deep from December to April. Now this year a longer winter has been followed by a summer fall of snow in July. "We have had five winters 'this year,'" said a Sutherland man, and our bitter Northern season has only been the fringe, as it were, of the weather caused in Labrador by the fixing and settling down of the drift ice. If Western Canada was nearly starved by wolves and winter in 1790, it is not strange that a fiercer winter, indicated by the migration of the Polar bears, should have told terribly this year on the Montagnais and Nasquapees, and their unreconciled enemies and neighbours, the Eskimo. Mr. HIND found that the physique of the Indians was inferior to that of white men, and that those who lived on seals and fish were in worse condition than the hunters of the interior. This summer all their resources are destroyed; they have no stores, and it is imperatively necessary that they should be instantly aided by Newfoundland or by English charity. Famine comes quicker and more surely than in India, and duty compels us to aid people in as utter a strait as the men of DE LONG's or GREELY's Arctic expedition.

#### THE CHARGES OF CORRUPTION.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON and Mr. W. H. SMITH will find a preliminary duty waiting to be discharged, each in his own department. They will have to direct an inquiry into the truth of the charges made by Colonel HOPE and others against the Ordnance Department, and not the Ordnance Department only, but the Transport and Supply as well. Within the last few days the holding of the inquiry has simply become a matter of absolute necessity, unless Ministers are resolved to assume responsibility for a very serious scandal. To put it on purely personal grounds, the officers whose characters are directly or indirectly impugned are, as three of them pointed out to the SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF ORDNANCE last week, entitled to "the Secretary of State's 'protection from such charges,' by which they of course mean that they have a right to call upon their accuser to prove his words, and take the consequences of failure if he should fail. In any other country in Europe an officer who had done what Colonel HOPE has done would have brought upon himself a dozen challenges in twenty-four hours. Duelling has been generally recognized to be a barbarous and inconclusive way of deciding disputes as to matters of fact in this country, but there remain other and obvious methods. Sir W. G. ARMSTRONG's firm, which is not bound to ask any man's leave before doing what it may think necessary in the interests of its reputation, has felt constrained to bring an action for libel against one of the correspondents of the *Times*, who has made charges of corruption against the Ordnance Department and the manufacturers who work for it. Sir W. G. ARMSTRONG, MITCHELL, & Company (Limited) are unquestionably in their right. If they think themselves unjustly accused, they are entitled to fight for their own hand. Meanwhile the officers of a Government department must look to their chief to protect them. If a Secretary of State allows them to make no answer, he is in reality, whatever plausible colour he may give to his action, compelling them to stand in the shameful position of men who dare not face an inquiry, and is forcing them to swallow a very grievous insult. Colonel HOPE has put it on record that he never held Major-General REILLY, one of the signers of the letter to Mr. WOODALL, responsible for the "deep-seated, old dating corruption and corrupt favouritism" which he charges against the Ordnance Department. General REILLY has died suddenly since the publication of Colonel HOPE's letter; but Generals CAMPBELL and ALDERSON are still there to bear what they must necessarily think a great wrong. They and other officers are entitled to demand that they shall not be compelled to seem to make a tacit confession of the truth of the charges which are being daily brought with increasing freedom against the departments in which they serve.

When the correspondence of the last week is looked at as

a whole, the conviction that the refusal of the War Office to permit an inquiry is due to fear is strengthened. If it is unjustly so, the responsibility rests on Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The excuses given by the War Office are always the same, and are equally futile. In the first place, it is asserted that the charges are vague; and, in the second place, it is pleaded that the power to hold a Royal Commission can only be given by Act of Parliament. The latter plea is a transparent evasion. Nobody asked Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to usurp the power of nominating Royal Commissions. All he was requested to do was to promise to apply to the House for the necessary authorization. It is equally useless to represent the accusations as being too vague to afford a sufficient ground for action. A charge of corruption is a very definite thing indeed. The details are to be given before a proper tribunal as evidence in support of the charge. Even if no credit is given to this accusation, there is proof enough in the shape of bursting guns and jamming cartridges that the Ordnance Department for some reason or another does not get its work well done. For this reason, if for no other, a searching inquiry must be held. Meanwhile Colonel HOPE has removed the excuse of the War Office by bringing four very definite charges indeed. He undertakes to prove:—

- "1. That our heavy guns are in their present deplorable condition owing to an initial conspiracy between certain high officials; to subsequent corruption; and to continuous corrupt favouritism.
- "2. That our bad cartridges were due to malversation and corrupt favouritism.
- "3. That a large number of bad bayonets were made from an inferior quality of steel in no way fitted for the purpose, and corruptly passed into the service on a certain occasion.
- "4. That the bad swords, or some of them, were also corruptly passed into the service."

Here are very definite charges, and their precision is in no way affected by the fact that Colonel HOPE abstains from mentioning any proper names. The War Office can supply the necessary omission with perfect ease. It must be well known who the high officials were who held places enabling them to take part in the alleged "initial conspiracy" to which the country owes the deplorable condition of its heavy guns. There has doubtless been talk in Whitehall about the inferior steel "passed into the service on a certain occasion." The stories are assuredly not new. They are only made public for the first time. Mr. NOBLE, writing to the War Office about this very business, acknowledges that these charges of corruption are not altogether new, as, indeed, they are not. Speaking on behalf of Sir W. G. ARMSTRONG, MITCHELL, & Co., Mr. NOBLE is prepared "to say in the most formal manner that, during our long connexion with the War Office, not one penny has ever been paid by us, directly or indirectly, either to influence the giving of an order or to secure the acceptance of articles supplied." Well and good. Here we have Mr. NOBLE's general declaration against Colonel HOPE's. Now what is wanted is that all other persons interested should be required to speak to the same purpose, and should do it where they can be properly cross-examined and called upon to produce their evidence.

It will be a misfortune if, in the excitement and anger caused by the bringing of charges such as have not been made against a British Government department for long, some parts of the question of no small importance should be lost sight of. Quite as much harm as good will be done by an inquiry if it is limited to finding out whether the Ordnance Department has or has not been corruptly administered. In point of fact, the undoubted failure of the department may be, and, corruption or no corruption, undoubtedly is, largely due to causes which are compatible with the highest personal honour on the part of the officials. Even if every man of them is blameless—and, until the contrary is proved as well as asserted, we are bound to believe that they are—they may still be responsible for great waste of public money. It makes a very great difference as regards the character of an individual officer whether he has made a bad gun simply because he did not know how to make a good one, or whether he has knowingly constructed an untrustworthy piece because he was paid for that purpose by a speculator. The first man is only an inefficient officer, the second is a shameless rogue. For the country, however, the practical result is not very different. In either case it gets a good-for-nothing gun. Now a great

part—the greater part—of the case against the Ordnance Department is that it is mainly directed by men who have not the scientific knowledge required for their work. Officers, it is said, are appointed as a reward for good service in the field, or even only because they are very pleasant fellows who have the happiness to be connected with pleasant people in society and are *persona grata* at the Horse Guards. They are gallant gentlemen, no doubt, and ornaments to society, only they do not know enough chemistry, and accordingly, with the best intentions in the world, they frequently superintend the casting of very inferior guns. Under the control of chiefs of this stamp, official routine, the traditions of “the service,” this, that, or the other stupidity which has become the form of the Office, flourish exceedingly. A has his way because he is A and always has had his way, B does what he pleases because everybody always did let him do what he pleased, and his people are attractive and influential. When A and B happen to be rather pig-headed men with wrong ideas and obstinate in sticking to them, the country suffers. Of course the department does not like to have its habits interfered with; but, after all, the Income-tax payer has a case when his money is spent on making the absurdly bad guns which are the result of A and B’s fads. To get rid of this state of things, to make it clear that the doing of good work is the duty of the department, and not the pleasing of nice people, ought to be a very main object with the Royal Commission. There is at least a possibility that the inherent defects of the organization of the Ordnance Department may be overlooked in the hunt for corruption. Moreover, we have not so completely lost our belief in the honour of English Government officials as to take it for granted that the charge cannot be disproved. If it is, and nothing else is inquired into, we may be left at the mercy of the immaculate but incompetent A and B in *secula seculorum*.

#### THE NEW FISHERY DEPARTMENT.

IT is a great thing, after having endured with exemplary patience for four years the various Exhibitions at Kensington, to be able to point to one distinct advantage resulting from one of them. If there had been no Fisheries Exhibition, we should in all probability never have heard the welcome news which Mr. MUNDELLA has given to the world this week, that there is to be a Fishery Department at last. The jurisdiction over the salmon and fresh-water fisheries has been transferred from the Home Office to the Board of Trade, which has, in its turn, determined to establish a Fishery Department, with an assistant-secretary at its head, aided by a chief inspector and two sub-inspectors. This is indeed a step in the right direction, and will, we hope, be productive of good results. Mr. SWANSTON, the assistant-secretary who has been appointed head of the new department, has had, Mr. MUNDELLA says, “long official experience, and has been associated with all the recent legislation in connexion with sea fisheries”; and one of the inspectors is also alluded to as “a gentleman who has had considerable experience in sea fishery matters.” This is, no doubt, all as it should be, and the Board of Trade is much to be congratulated on having secured the services of experienced people for the new department; but at the same time we cannot help remembering that the crying evil of negligence in regard to our national fisheries has not been merely as to sea fish, but as to their fresh-water relations. Far be it from us to find fault with the appointments already made; but, seeing that this new Fishery Department has been created, as Mr. MUNDELLA says, “in consequence of the transfer from the Home Office to the Board of Trade of the jurisdiction in respect of salmon and fresh-water fisheries,” we confess we should have been glad to hear of the appointment of some one who had “considerable experience in” fresh-water “fishery matters.” When one turns to the account of the National Fish Culture Association at Delaford, and sees the splendid results of their work, it appears that such a person of experience would not have been difficult to find. The efforts of the Association have all been of the most practical nature, and the success of their experiments with, and their introduction of, such useful fish as the land-locked salmon and the brook and rainbow trout, certainly merits all the recognition, support, and imitation possible.

The concluding paragraph of Mr. MUNDELLA’s letter embodies a most excellent plan—namely, to invite the

“representatives of the Boards of Conservators and of the various fishery interests to meet in conference once a year” at the offices of the Board of Trade. Such a meeting will give a fresh and most desirable impetus to fishery questions every year, and will also allow the outsiders, the representatives of “fishery interests,” other than those of the Boards of Conservators, a chance of making their voices and views heard. In islands such as ours, the question of all fisheries, both sea and fresh-water, is a matter of national importance, and one which should on no account be allowed to drop. That the Board of Trade as well as the Home Office has at last waked up to see the necessity of giving so vital a matter a department to itself, is indeed “tidings of comfort and joy” to those who think that one of the greatest sources of national wealth has been too long neglected.

#### MURDER IN IRELAND.

IF we could know the real reasons which induced the jury to acquit TIMOTHY HURLEY of murder, a useful side-light would be thrown on the social condition of Ireland. The conversations which pass among Irish jurors in criminal cases after they have retired would be of more value to the Government than any number of Parliamentary debates. Secrecy is in such matters essential to frankness, and the rule that what passes in the jurors’ room should never be disclosed is on general principles a sound one. Since, however, it has been so often violated of late years in the English newspapers without the slightest excuse, the most zealous formalist may be pardoned for wishing that in a single instance Irishmen would follow a bad example. On the published evidence it certainly seems as if TIMOTHY HURLEY had escaped the gallows only by a singular stroke of good fortune. It is, of course, no business of a prisoner’s counsel to show who committed the crime with which his client is charged, and if JOHN REGAN’s death remains a mystery, that is nothing to HURLEY’s able and ingenious advocate, Mr. RICHARD ADAMS. But, since REGAN was undoubtedly murdered by somebody, some importance must be attached to the fact that all the testimony procured or procurable points to HURLEY alone. REGAN was shot at Drimoleague, in West Cork, on the 29th of December, about a month before Lord SALISBURY’s first Administration came to the conclusion that the criminal law in Ireland required to be strengthened and extended. He died on the 13th of January. HURLEY was indicted before Mr. Justice JOHNSON, the real author of the famous, if not very felicitous, saying, apparently borrowed by Mr. GLADSTONE, that Mr. PARNELL was “steeped to the lips in treason.” If HURLEY was not steeped to the lips in murder, he narrowly escaped being the victim of a very unfortunate and extraordinary combination of circumstances. REGAN, the murdered man, and one BRIEN occupied adjoining portions of a farm, and there was a dispute between them as to the possession of certain outhouses. It was part of the case for the Crown, and perhaps the weakest part, that HURLEY was acting in concert with BRIEN. In the afternoon of the 29th of December, while it was still light, REGAN was chopping furze outside his door. Suddenly a gun was fired, and the deceased fell, wounded in the side. REGAN’s wife and daughter at once ran out of the house, and the daughter swore at the trial that she saw the prisoner run away from the spot. Mrs. REGAN did not see him, but she heard her daughter exclaim, “It is Foxy THADE has murdered my father!” “Foxy THADE” being a nickname for HURLEY, as “Foxy JACK” was for Lord SPENCER. The BRIENS, who lived next door to the REGANS, refused all assistance to the wounded man, and REGAN lay all night in the yard where he fell, without a bed or medicine or a doctor. Such savage barbarity is only to be explained as the symptom of a deeply-rooted social disease, far beyond the reach of rose-water remedies.

In the morning Mrs. REGAN had to go for a doctor and a priest, while her daughter fetched the police, and the wretched REGAN remained alone. Some evidence was forthcoming at the last Assizes to show that HURLEY was with the BRIENS on the night of the murder, waiting till it was dark, and his presence might have supplied a motive more definite than sheer brutality for the refusal of the BRIENS to interfere. But, unhappily, the boy TOM BRIEN, who made this statement to another boy, was held not sufficiently to understand the nature of an oath, and the trial was postponed until his father, the murdered man’s neighbour, should have instructed him. The instruction was given



with such remarkable effect that TOM BRIEN now denies the whole story, and says he never saw the prisoner in his life. The parish priest of Drimoleague came forward for the defence to swear that the morning after the crime MARY REGAN, the daughter, told him she did not know who the murderer was. The cross-examination of Father MURRAY showed very plainly that his sympathy was not with the REGANS, but with the prisoner; and, indeed, many Irish priests seem to have expelled every crime from the calendar, except "land-grabbing," which poor REGAN was supposed or alleged to have practised. If MARY REGAN spoke the truth, there can be no doubt whatever of the prisoner's guilt. She was corroborated by Mrs. REGAN as strongly as one witness can be corroborated by another. If MARY REGAN really called out at the time, "It is FOXY TRADE has murdered my father!" the inference is almost irresistible. In this case the girl herself was called, and there was no question of hearsay. But Lord CAMPBELL allowed such evidence to be given when the person who had said "There goes the butcher," meaning the prisoner, was not available, holding that it was part of the *res gestæ*, and not merely a statement which might or might not be true. In this case, the gun wadding found on the scene of the murder corresponded closely with paper in HURLEY'S possession, and it is almost impossible to feel any doubt that he was the man. If ordinary juries will not convict of agrarian crimes, power must be granted to summon special juries or to change the venue, and perhaps to accept, as in Scotland, the verdict of the majority. The question is an urgent one. A farmer named PHELAN was murdered on Wednesday near Callan, and one JOHN TOBIN, who had a dispute with him about a farm, is in custody. A party of Moonlighters in County Kerry have shot in the leg and disabled a working-man with a large family who had been expelled from the National League. The new Irish Government has a heavy task before it in the repression of crime.

#### HENRY FAWCETT.

THE modest little memorial to Mr. FAWCETT, which was unveiled on Tuesday last by the Dowager Lady GOLDSMID, was erected at the cost of women only. It is a drinking-fountain in the Thames Embankment Gardens, and above the basin is a medallion representing Mr. FAWCETT'S features. Mr. BASIL CHAMPNEYS has designed the fountain in excellent taste, but we cannot say that, in our opinion, Miss GRANT has been very happy in her attempted likeness of the eminent statesman, who died too soon for his country, if not for his fame. Some there are, perhaps, who will ask why a drinking-fountain? and others, more practical critics, may point to the fact that there is another drinking-fountain close by. A good statue of FAWCETT, to stand near that of his friend MILL, was doubtless beyond the resources of the subscription, and anything so deplorable as the statue of BURNS was at any price to be avoided. But we must presume that, in the opinion of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, the fountain will be useful, as they are prepared to keep it up, and at all events the precise form of the tribute is of less consequence than the fact of the tribute itself. Mr. FAWCETT'S services to women were not confined to his labours in attempting to procure for them the Parliamentary franchise, a controversial question on which the opinions of this Review are sufficiently well known, and which this is scarcely the occasion to discuss. Lady GOLDSMID only spoke the literal truth when, in the course of her excellent little speech, she said, "Many facilities now afforded to women 'for earning an honourable and independent livelihood are 'in great measure due to the man whose memory we here 'meet to honour.' Mr. FAWCETT had the peculiar satisfaction of presiding, as Postmaster-General, over departments in which women are more extensively and more beneficially employed than in almost any other walk of life. Lady JOHN MANNERS, whose husband has been so often at the head of the Post Office, spoke a few cordial words on Tuesday in support of Lady GOLDSMID. Sir FRANCIS GOLDSMID, the first Jew called to the English bar, was devoted, like Mr. FAWCETT, throughout his life to the cause of national progress and religious liberty.

Mr. FAWCETT'S fine and simple character has been deeply impressed upon the minds of his countrymen. For his tomb at Trumpington Mrs. FAWCETT, if we are not mistaken, chose the text, "Say to the people that they go forward." Mr.

FAWCETT had no sentimental belief in the superior virtues of the masses. He belonged to the school of Liberals who thought, and think, that all classes of society and all members of every class understand their own business and interests, and ought to be allowed to act upon their wishes. To all forms of Socialism and to all tyrannical interference with personal freedom he was resolutely opposed. He never set himself, like a German professor, to determine on philosophical and theoretical grounds the limits which ought to be imposed on the action of the State, or which the State ought to impose on its own action. Perhaps it was a weakness of Mr. FAWCETT'S that, except in political economy, he rather despised theory, and trusted too much to rule of thumb. More probably it showed that he knew the nature of his own mind, and refused to weaken his powers of usefulness by spending time in speculations with which he was not fitted to deal. FAWCETT was not "a kind of semi-SOLOMON, half knowing 'everything, from the cedar to the hyssop,'" as MACAULAY said so admirably of BROUGHAM. What FAWCETT knew, he knew thoroughly. What he did not know, he left alone. He delighted in certainties, and he may have carried too much craving for exactitude from mathematics into real life. But with all its imperfections, FAWCETT'S intellect, to say nothing of his upright and manly disposition, can ill be spared from English politics. He was never under the dominion of sophistries, rhetorical catchwords, or cant phrases. He said, in Mr. BROWNING'S words, "Stop, let 'me have the truth of that,'" when general propositions were vaguely set forth. Words are the counters of wise men, the money of fools. They were always the counters of HENRY FAWCETT. What they are to many modern democrats it is perhaps unnecessary to say.

#### FRANCE.

IF it were not for M. DE LESSEPS, Frenchmen would be compelled to be satisfied with an unredeemed day of little things. Their army fights little wars with very chequered success, little colonial enterprises stir small excitements. Little persecutions are carried on to satisfy the small rancours of bigots who hate priests and bilious Republicans who hate princes. The whole country is even interested in speculating on the ambition of a very small man. If the satirist who is always looking out for the follies of his fellow-man wanted a good peg whereon to hang something very derisive and contemptuous about the decadence of France, he could hardly find a better than the intensely comic BOULANGER scare. The spectacle of General BOULANGER seriously suspected of an intention to imitate the First NAPOLEON is one of those things which are too ridiculous for invention. There never lived a *farceur* who would not have felt the thing to be too improbable for a joke. But there is nothing small about M. DE LESSEPS. His schemes, his expenditure, his scenery, his language, are all emphatically big. At this moment the most illustrious of Frenchmen is entertaining the public with an undertaking as big as an actual outlay of hundreds of millions of francs, and a prospective outlay of many hundreds of millions more, can make it. Its bigness is manifestly its main charm. Reduced to plain language, the Report which M. DE LESSEPS has just presented to the shareholders of the Panama Canal is not the class of document which would be likely to induce any reasonable man with a breeches-pocket to button up to dive into that pocket for the price of more shares. What M. DE LESSEPS has to report is, in fact, that his Company has spent four hundred and seventy-one million francs over the making of the Panama Canal, and is only at the beginning of its work. A sum of nearly nineteen million pounds sterling has already been spent, and if every penny of that sum is not to be pure loss a further five-and-twenty millions sterling or thereabouts must be found at once. The most difficult and costly part of his excavations has yet to be made. The backbone of rock which runs down the isthmus is not even touched, nor has the full effect of tropical floods on the banks been seen. So doubtful are the prospects of the Company that the Government engineer sent out to examine when M. DE LESSEPS applied for a sort of State guarantee for his new issue of shares has notoriously made a very lukewarm report in its favour. M. DE MOLINARI, who is a spirited journalist, and nearly as much in love with big engineering works, including the Channel Tunnel, as the late M. G. CHARNES was with a torpedo, has been writing enthusiastically about the prospects of this colossal enterprise. The Government

engineer, the Ministry, and the Chamber are of another opinion, and have shelved M. DE LESSEPS's request for the present. The illustrious Frenchman has been nothing daunted, and applies to his countrymen. If there is still any charm in big schemes, in rather hazy promises of profit, and in resplendent talk about the grandeur of France and the cause of civilization, he may succeed. The judicious foreigner who thinks of dividends will probably continue to leave the French purchaser to enjoy the honour of buying the shares. Meanwhile the style of M. DE LESSEPS is amusing enough to repay study. His description of the various classes of persons who do not believe in the Panama Canal is worthy of the leader of the late Liberal party. They are all classed under the head of intriguing Yankees, envious foreigners, and "speculators" at home. The Chamber of Deputies, which has certainly done its best to put a spoke in M. DE LESSEPS's wheel, may reflect on the compliment. From the spectator's point of view it looks as if the great fault of the Deputies was that they would not speculate enough. Their example is not unworthy of imitation. If anybody in these hard times is ready to risk his money for the grandeur of France and the cause of civilization, by all means let him do it. When, if ever, the Canal is made he will have the pleasure of reflecting that he has helped on the progress of humanity. Whether he will ever enjoy the sordid material satisfaction of drawing a dividend is another question.

The fall in passing from the Panama Canal to the other things which are being done for the grandeur of France and the cause of civilization is great indeed. What, for instance, is to be made of the fuss about General DIGBY WILLOUGHBY and the state of things in Madagascar? It might have seemed probable that by this time Frenchmen would have got to think about the Madagascar business much as Dr. JOHNSON did about the Second Punic War. He never wished to hear it named again as long as he lived. Yet even Dr. JOHNSON would unquestionably have preferred the campaigns of HANNIBAL to the state of Madagascar as a subject for conversation. M. BRISSON thinks not, and has been asking how General DIGBY WILLOUGHBY comes to be at large, and why he is allowed to roam about bringing presents to M. GRÉVY and proposing schemes for banks. M. DE FREYCINET has replied with gravity that he will see the Republic comes to no harm, and there the matter rests. If it is asked why the movements of General DIGBY WILLOUGHBY have caused all this bother, the answer would seem to be that M. BRISSON was anxious to remind his countrymen of his existence. To keep out of office for years for fear of offence, to be driven into it at last, to prove yourself an indifferent figure-head when there, and then to drop one fine day into absolute obscurity amid general unconcern, is a melancholy career for any statesman. Such, however, are the sorrowful chances of the great men of the Third Republic, and it is only natural that they should lay hands on General DIGBY WILLOUGHBY as a means of escape. For the rest the incident proves what everybody who watched the whole squalid adventure knew already—namely, that France has not swallowed Madagascar whole, for the excellent reason that she could not. She has spent a good deal of money, talked a vast deal of tall talk, obtained one more rickety copy of a colony, and that is all. At this moment the Resident who was named by virtue of the treaty is explaining that France does not accept the interpretation of that document accepted by its own agents when they signed the peace. This difference of opinion may conceivably lead to another little war, but it is more likely to have no more serious consequences than a long wrangle. The almost unintelligible doings of the French in the New Hebrides might well have very serious results, for they are something which looks remarkably like a breach of a treaty with England. Fortunately the officials in New Caledonia seem to have been over-hasty in playing off their own little bat. If it rested with them, there would unquestionably be trouble before long. To despatch expeditions with an ostentatious parade of hostility, and to detain the Australian mail, are, on the face of them, acts of war. These follies, however, can have little serious consequence unless they are supported by the Home Government. In the face of the refusal of the Foreign Office to reconsider the treaty by which the relations of England and France in the New Hebrides is regulated, it is very improbable that they will be so supported.

In France itself the tacit confession of the weakness of the Republic which was made when the Princes were expelled

is, in the natural course of things, being followed by other and equally significant signs. As the period for the re-election of the members of the Conseils Généraux comes on there is a very marked disinclination on the part of Republican members of these bodies who are also Deputies and Senators to run the risk of re-election. The voting for these local boards is always more or less instructive as to what might be expected to happen at a general election. If Republicans do not feel secure of being chosen for them again, it must be because they are conscious of a further increase of the discontent which produced such surprising results on the last occasion. It is eminently characteristic of the consistency, honesty, and statesmanship of the dominant Republican faction that its newspapers are recommending a return to the system of official candidatures. Something called a "devoted neutrality" is to be demanded from all Government servants, from the prefect down to the garde-champêtre. In the days of the Empire it was called zeal. Mayors who are guilty of the offence of having opinions of their own are to be summarily dismissed. That was the practice in the days of the Empire, only then the mayors were not elected. Now the friends of the people propose to show their respect for universal suffrage by dismissing those of its nominees who will not obey orders from Paris. These, of course, have been the familiar resources of French Governments since they were compelled to work with representative institutions. That they should be used by the Third Republic may surprise people who expected it to be very different from Governments made out of much the same material, but need startle nobody else.

#### FIRE AND EARTHQUAKE.

THE chronicles of the past week are full of varied and terrible calamity. The intelligence that reaches us almost simultaneously from New Zealand, Labrador, and Algeria reveals a series of appalling disasters. Of these, the stupendous volcanic outbreak in North Island, New Zealand, that has devastated some sixty miles around the wonderful geyser district, and destroyed over one hundred lives, is by far the most notable. Forest fires in Algeria are almost as common as earthquake shocks. The destruction of ten square miles of invaluable forest near Saida is but a repetition of the still greater conflagrations that were too frequent occurrences under the Government of Marshal MACMAHON and General CHANZY. It is by no means improbable that the recent fires were caused by incendiary Arabs, and not by the careless clearing of grass-land. Ever since the conquest, the Arabs have been addicted to harassing the unfortunate colonists in this mischievous fashion, with consequences that are almost as much dreaded by the farmer as drought or locusts. The protection of forests in a country so sparsely inhabited by Europeans is one of the most difficult administrative problems. In no other land is the climatic influence of forests better understood. The science of forestry is studied and practised in Algeria with a full appreciation of its importance. There is a young and active association of experts and landowners engaged in afforesting, though their efforts are likely to prove of little avail without the protection of a strong Government. The French are never averse to employing the army in road-making and other public works when circumstances demand such labour; by some system of military supervision—by patrols, for instance—young forests and the Government forest reserves might be saved from further destruction.

Preventable evils are never so impressive as those wrought by the elemental forces of nature. The published accounts of the eruption of Mount Tarawera, in the early morning of the 10th of June, are as awe-inspiring as anything recorded in history or fiction. Up to the premonitory earthquake shocks at midnight there appear to have been no warnings of the mighty upheaval that overwhelmed the township of Wairo, and desolated the most beautiful and characteristic scenery in New Zealand. There were tourists in Wairo, wanderers from Auckland and other towns, curious to visit the wonders of Roto-mahana, Roto-rua, and the sisterhood of lakes overlooked by the triple-coned table-mountain Tarawera. On the 9th men bathed, or cooked their food, as was their wont, in the hot springs. No one seems to have noted anything abnormal in the multitude of geysers that hissed and gasped from the treacherous soil. No one that day who regarded the fantastic beauty of the White



Terrace and the Pink Terrace, who marked their fairy-like descent, tier after tier, from the dark cleavage in the hills to the bosom of Roto-mahana, conceived he should never look upon them more. The terrible suddenness of the catastrophe is one of its most dramatic and awful circumstances. The pathetic story of the fate of the HUSZARD family at Wairo shows the settlers to have been little alarmed by the first earthquake. About two hours after midnight the whole district was aroused by a tremendous shock, followed by a succession of loud roarings, as Mount Tarawera was cloven with flame, which burst upwards from two of its cones, accompanied by a deluge of fiery ashes and mud. The unfortunate settlement was completely wrecked by the fierce and unceasing hail of stones, cinders, and other volcanic matter. Until daybreak the horrors of the scene were unabated; earthquake followed earthquake, the storm of debris fell unceasingly, and the flame from the heights of Tarawera shed a ghastly light on the convulsed and stricken earth. The eruption speedily overwhelmed all human habitations, and Wairo lay buried under several feet of scalding mud. It is inexplicable, indeed, that any one should have escaped the infinite perils of that hideous night. The very earth was seen to engulf an unfortunate native, while an English traveller, who was watching the sublime spectacle, like another PLINY, was impelled by the fearful warning to seek shelter under the balcony of the hotel, where he perished by the fall of the building. The story of the death of Mr. HUSZARD, the schoolmaster at Wairo, and the rescue of his wife and daughters, is one of the most affecting incidents in the records of human fortitude and heroism. The family were united in prayer, undistracted by the uproar without, when the house was crushed and its inmates buried. By the aid of a neighbour and some brave Maori women, Mrs. HUSZARD and her daughters were rescued. The remainder of the family were subsequently discovered lifeless.

It is somewhat difficult to realize the full significance of the calamity. When the oppressive darkness lifted, not before several hours after sunrise, the extent of the mischief was visible. For forty or fifty miles the country was an ashen waste. The beautiful vegetation of the bush was destroyed, the waters of Roto-mahana were a boiling cauldron, and the marvels of the White and Pink Terraces were huddled in black annihilation. Possibly the island where HOCHSTETTER lived when he studied the phenomena of that magical region has disappeared with the White Terrace. The only features of this once attractive country that yet remain are the mud flats and spouting geysers. Fertility may yet stimulate much of the buried land; but nothing can restore the wonders of Roto-mahana. The destruction of the pellucid basins and hot springs is a serious loss to the colony. With the exception of the Yellowstone country and the Hawaiian Isles, there was nothing in the world that rivalled the attractions of the scenery between Tarawera and Roto-rua. The visitor to the Colonial Exhibition may now study with novel interest Miss GORDON-CUMMING's water-colours, Mr. BLOOMFIELD's paintings, and Mr. JOSIAH MARTIN's photographs. Some day, perhaps, science will come to the aid of those who dwell among volcanoes and forewarn them of disasters. We forecast the weather and calculate the eccentric orbits of comets, but we cannot interpret the signs that herald approaching eruptions and earthquakes. It is already remembered that some few years since the water of Lake Tarawera underwent a sick change from blue to a dirty green. Mount Tarawera was considered an extinct volcano; so was Ruapehu. Yet both have disconcerted calculating geologists. The truth about volcanoes seems to be—once a volcano always a volcano. It is only our very limited observation that obliges us to talk of extinct volcanoes.

#### THE CONVENTION WITH CHINA.

LORD ROSEBERRY'S last official act before quitting the Foreign Office is not the least important of the achievements of a skilful and successful career. The Convention which he has just concluded with China will regularize our relations with that Empire as regards Burmah at a cost on our side which it appears to us somewhat capacious to regard as excessive. No bargain, of course, has ever yet been struck between mortal men which could not be represented by one or other, if not both, of the parties to it as a bad one; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the terms of

this Convention as it affects England have already come in for a certain measure of unfavourable criticism. Those, however, who do not insist on comparing it with that sort of ideal contract in which one gives nothing and gets everything, will find no reason, we think, to be seriously dissatisfied with it. For our own part, at any rate, we must confess ourselves quite unable to see that the undertakings proceeding from China are one whit less substantial and valuable—even if they be not more so—than the considerations which we have given for them.

Briefly stated, the terms of the new Convention are as follows. As regards the political status of Burmah, we on our part consent to recognize China's long-standing claim of suzerainty over our newly acquired province, and agree, further, to continue the decennial mission from Mandalay to Peking in attestation of it; while China on her part recognizes and assents to British rule over Burmah, and engages to respect our right to take whatever measures we think fit for its internal administration. She further agrees to conclude a commercial convention with us, having for its object the facilitation and promotion of trade between Burmah and Yunnan. A second branch of the Convention, to which we shall refer hereafter, relates to the question of trade between India and Thibet; but as regards the first branch of it, an impartial criticism might, we should have thought, have been expected to admit that, politically speaking at any rate, the reciprocity of the agreement is complete. Surely it may be laid down as a general rule, subject to but very rare exceptions, that where State A puts forward an ancient claim of suzerainty over territory in the physical possession of State B, the latter may well be content to make a formal acknowledgment of the nominal right in consideration of receiving good assurance against any attempt at its actual exercise. And surely, too, the normal advantage of this course is considerably enhanced in those cases in which State A would have it in its power, unless some such agreement is arrived at, to inflict grave inconvenience upon State B by reviving the claim in a menacing form at some future moment when it might be most important to the latter State that no such question should be raised; a situation which, as we take it, would have been practically brought about in this case by leaving the suzerainty question unsettled. The only precaution needful to be observed in any arrangement between States so related to each other is that their several undertakings should be co-extensive and mutually limitative; that the acknowledgment of the right by the one party should be strictly conditional on its waiver by the other, and that its recognition in theory should cease upon any attempt to assert it in practice. This condition is, so far as we can gather from the summarized Convention, virtually secured to us by the assent of China to our exercise of an absolute control over the internal administration of Burmah; and, this being so, we are fairly entitled to regard the commercial advantages stipulated for in the compact as so much nett profit to ourselves on the transaction. These concessions on the part of the Chinese Government are in no degree less solid than those which we make in exchange for them. It is perversity itself to argue, as the *Times* has been arguing, that, while "we have made tangible and definite concessions, China has been only required to give moral assurances and written promises in return." It certainly passes our comprehension to perceive how an undertaking to send a decennial mission from Mandalay to Peking is any more tangible and definite than an undertaking to conclude a commercial convention for the promotion of trade between Burmah and Yunnan. The engagement in each case is only a "written promise"; the whole agreement is of an "executory" character on both sides; and we are certainly not bound to execute our part of it unless, until, and except so long as China executes hers. The "value of our *quid pro quo*" has not to be discovered in the future, any more than has the value of the Chinese *quid pro quo*, as China might very quickly be shown if she attempted to back out of her promise to conclude a trade convention. Nor can we see that these criticisms apply any more accurately to the exchange of political pledges. It is not a more "valuable acquisition" for China that we should have said to her "You reign" than it is to us that she should have replied "You govern." Each is a "written promise" on one side to respect a right on the other; with this difference, however, that our promise commits us to nothing more than a political theory and one ceremonial function every ten years, while that of China is a pledge to

a definite line of action which she could not violate without being instantly detected in the act.

As regards the second branch of the Convention, it may no doubt be more plausibly contended that the conditions are unequal. There, we consent to abandon a direct attempt to extend the area of our commerce for ourselves, while China only vaguely promises to "take steps to promote" that object. But whether under these circumstances the recall of our Thibetan mission be a moderate or an excessive concession on our part—we dismiss as absurd the notion of regarding it as "an abject surrender to China"—depends entirely upon the estimate which may be formed of the comparative value of the Burmo-Chinese and the Indo-Thibetan trade. It may very likely have been discovered by our negotiators—indeed, the scanty information so far communicated on the subject appears to show that they did in fact discover—that it was impossible to promote these two branches of trade at one and the same time. If the Chinese Government begged us, as they seem to have done, to countermand the Thibet mission, "on account of local difficulties" apprehended by them, it may well have been that we had no choice but either to comply with the request or to compromise the prospects of a satisfactory adjustment of our Burmese relations with the Empire. Even from the purely commercial point of view, it would have been wise to prefer the latter of these objects to the former; but as a matter of fact the question ought not to have been, and doubtless was not, decided exclusively on commercial grounds. Political considerations were no doubt, and rightly, given precedence; and they unquestionably suggest that, while the opening up of Indo-Thibetan trade is a matter which can easily wait, an understanding with China with reference to our position in Burmah is a matter which presses. Even the unreasonably discontented critic whom we have been quoting admits that the situation in Burmah is "sufficiently disturbed to make it highly desirable that the element of uncertainty caused by 'the latent dissatisfaction of China should be removed'; and that 'it may be of practical value during our future operations that the Dacoits and their leaders should be cut off from all aid and sympathy from the East.' Nay, he even goes so far as to say that the situation of affairs in other parts of Asia, and particularly in Corea, makes our complete accord with China a matter of more than local importance." Well, if that is so, what is the meaning of the complaint that we have established this very necessary "complete accord" with China, at the cost of a mere gratification to Chinese *amour propre*, by recognizing a theoretical right of which we at the same time take ample precautions against the practical assertion, and of the temporary suspension of a commercial enterprise which no doubt we shall have plenty of opportunities of renewing hereafter?

#### BILL-POSTING AS A FINE ART.

WITH the contemporary revival of interest in decorative art it is curious that but little attention has been paid to the form of mural decoration which has the widest popularity, and which most completely combines a broad utility with a high artistic possibility. The pictorial advertisements displayed about the streets of London are not what they might be; they are for the most part ugly in design and coarse in execution, feeble in line and harsh in colour; and they might easily be simple, strong, and artistically rich without losing any of their attractiveness as advertisements. Most of the larger English theatrical posters are mere vulgar daubs, wholly without artistic merit, and quite unworthy of the honour of proclaiming the glories of the spectacles they set forth. The art of the show-bill is better understood in France and in America than it is in England. In Paris one sees in the windows of the *cafés* and *brasseries* bright little placards, admirably and unambitiously lithographed, full of movement and colour, and abounding in *verve* and *chic*. In New York the enormous lithographs which shout forth the surpassing attractions of Mr. Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth are more pretentious and perhaps less artistic than the Parisian posters, but they are most careful productions, well drawn, well coloured, well printed, and well posted. In London the larger theatrical posters are, as we have said, beneath contempt; they are, apparently, hasty sketches lithographed roughly in black outline, and filled in with stencillings of violent colour; they are cheap and nasty in the full sense of the phrase; and it is small wonder that, until English lithographers are willing to do better work, English theatrical managers will either deprive themselves of the aid of pictorial printing, or will perforce address themselves either to M. Chéret and his rivals in Paris, or to the Messrs. Strobbridge and their rivals in New York. The difference between the English posters on the one side and the French and American on the other is not one of cost merely—although the English poster confesses on

its face an extreme inexpensiveness—it is rather a difference of intelligence and of artistic appreciation.

There is no reason why a pictorial advertisement should be expensive, even if it were the work of an artist. The single figure of the *Woman in White* which Frederick Walker drew on the block probably cost less than any one of a dozen gaudy and tawdry stencilled lithographs which may now disfigure the hoardings of London. Nothing can be more effective than plain black and white handled boldly by an artist who knows the possibilities of his medium. The use of colour gives variety and vivacity, but it makes heavier demands on the artist. Mr. Hubert Herkomer's masterly and monumental advertisement of *The Magazine of Art*, exhibited a few years ago on every hoarding, was an example of the elaborate richness which may be got out of simple line; the mere printing of this poster in black and white was not expensive, while its reproduction in appropriate colours would have tasked the resources of any printer and the purse of any publisher. We regret greatly that the publishers of *The Magazine of Art* did not persevere in this method of educating the popular eye to appreciate dignity and truth; and especially do we regret that their example has not been followed by others more generally than it has. We do not doubt that the firm which has purchased and reproduced a drawing of Mr. H. Stacy Marks has found its account in the transaction. It would be a pleasant sight in London to see a whole hoarding decked only with the posters which reveal æsthetic endeavour on the part of the designer, the printer, and the advertiser. A path wherein Frederick Walker, Mr. Herkomer, and Mr. Marks have walked is not unworthy of exploration by true artists. The practice of pictorial journalism and the consequent training of many English painters in the use of black and white ought to ensure the superiority of English work in what we may term, fairly enough, the chief external mural decoration of the nineteenth century.

What the artists of France have accomplished in this department of decorative art is indicated in a recent French book, *Les Affiches Illustrées*, written by M. Ernest Maindron (Paris: H. Laurette), a sumptuous folio amply adorned with full-page plates printed in colours and with abundant "process" blocks in black and white. For these illustrations the author has drawn chiefly on his own collection of pictorial posters, and partly on those of M. Giacomelli and M. Champfleury. There are already in Paris not a few private collections of illuminated advertisements, and the number of them is increasing; there is also at least one public collection, that in the growing library of the Opéra, which M. Charles Nuitter tends and guards with so much zealous care and with such indefatigable zeal. So far as we know, no one in England has yet begun to collect these fragile and perishable works of art; and in the United States we are acquainted only with the embryonic collection of the Dunlap Society. So fragile and perishable are these frail advertisements that very few have come down to us from the last century or from the first quarter of this. Old posters are among the very rarest and scarcest of all old things; there is, we believe, no poster extant of any performance by Molière's company of comedians, and only one—a typographic specimen rescued from ruin by M. Nuitter—of any company contemporaneous with the great trinity of the French drama. Even in the present day the way of the collector is hard; his prey is difficult to procure, and almost as difficult to preserve and to display. And yet, as M. Maindron shows us, many of the French illustrated *affiches* of the past half-century are well worthy of study, not only for their own sake as pictorial curiosities and as triumphs over the difficulties of a branch of art which abounds in difficulties and dangers, but also as the work of artists who have made distinguished names for themselves. M. Maindron reproduces for us a striking sketch by M. J. G. Vibert, used as a poster to advertise M. Louis Davyl's *Toile d'Araignée*; and another, by M. Georges Clairin, for the opera of *Le Cid*. The late Alphonse de Neuville made a vague and mystic design for another opera, the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas; and the late Edouard Manet, the chief of the Impressionists, did a very bold and characteristic composition in black and white to announce the second edition of the delightful book about cats written by his friend, M. Champfleury. Of the leading French caricaturists there are hosts of pictorial advertisements; Daumier, Gavarni, Cham, Gill, Nadar, Draner, and Grandville never hesitated to make their own posters, as David Garrick did (or did not) write his own criticisms. Despite this galaxy of distinguished names, specimens of the work of each being accurately reproduced in the broad pages of M. Maindron's volume, we have no hesitation in saying that the chief glory of the later French school of pictorial advertisement is to be found in the work of M. Jules Chéret, twenty of whose best and most characteristic coloured lithographs are given in M. Maindron's book. Although he has chosen to devote himself to a humble branch of pictorial art, M. Chéret is an artist of invention and individuality, and he is beginning to receive in Paris the attention and the honour due to a man who is indisputably at the head of his profession. M. Jules Chéret is a Parisian; he was born in 1836, and he was apprenticed to a lithographic writer at the age of thirteen; but he soon began the study of drawing all by himself, and without aid or advice. When he was twenty he came to London, and made designs for the covers of sheet music. In 1866 he went back to Paris and established his lithographic printing-house. The first of his *affiches* was one for the *Biche au Bois* at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, and second, reproduced by M. Maindron, was an announcement of the terpsichorean delights of



Valentino—not Mr. Astor's novel, but the public ball-room on the site of which the Nouveau Cirque has recently been erected. M. Henri Beraldi, who is now publishing his elaborate catalogue of all the works of all the *Graveurs du XIX<sup>me</sup> Siècle*, has given special attention to M. Chéret's designs, drawing up a list of more than five hundred of them. It is difficult to overpraise the delicacy and the grace of many of M. Chéret's floating female figures, projected against nothing, posed in space, airy, easy, lively, and never libidinous, never vulgar, never common or unclean.

With painstaking industry, M. Maindron has sought out the minutest details of the history of bill-posting which it is now possible to assemble and to verify. He finds the earliest possible specimen now surviving, perhaps, in a Greek inscription discovered in 1872 by M. Clermont-Ganneau on the Temple at Jerusalem, and forbidding trespass into the sacred premises by all intruders under penalty of death; and perhaps in an Egyptian papyrus of June 10, 146 B.C., offering a reward for the return of two runaway slaves. He notes that the Greeks, although they did not illustrate their posters, made use of a variety of show-card, a painted board whereon the laws were written and displayed in the sight of all men, for it was in Greece as in Great Britain where ignorance of the law excuseth no man. Among the Romans he finds a regular system of *affichage* having many points of resemblance with that obtaining among us now. He reproduces a painting discovered at Pompeii, and representing a public place, where are posted long inscriptions which the citizens are reading, and also an *Album* or wall divided into spaces for the reception of public notices, among which are those of combats of gladiators and wild beasts. M. Edouard Fournier, in his amusing, if not always trustworthy, book on *Le Vieux-Neuf*, has told us that not only were the attractions of the theatre set forth in glowing terms on these Albums in red and black letters, but the chief scene of the star actor was reproduced pictorially—quite in the modern manner. There has come down to us even the name of a certain Callades who excelled in these *Tabellæ Comiceæ*. But the art of bill-posting, like many another art, was lost in the black night of the middle ages, and first the herald and then the town crier stood in its stead and spoke to the ears instead of the eyes. Yet papal bulls were soon posted at church doors; and laws also, as early as 1539 in France, were printed and posted in public view in each of the sixteen quarters of Paris. During the Fronde both sides used the poster as a stone in their slings. And from this time on, the art has been flourishing, although the temporary importance of the poster and its extreme fragility have prevented all but a very few from preservation. M. Maindron reproduces the bill of a recruiting officer of about 1720 and another of 1730 illustrating the feats of strength and skill of a gymnast, Gaetano Giovatto Angloise. This latter is very curious, as its twenty-three vignettes serve to give us not a few suggestions as to the progress of the acrobatic art. Half a century later we have a poster of the performances at Fontainebleau, in a graceful and elegant frame, by Moreau, as different as possible from the rude cuts used in 1702 to announce the wonders of the wandering performers at fairs. From Moreau to the artists of 1830 is a far cry, and grace and elegance give way to vigour and violent contrasts of black and white—as in the *Robert Macaire* of Célestin Nanteuil, the *Napoléon* and the *Némésis* of Raffet, or the *Touraine* of M. Frère. How these in turn have been succeeded by the charming and brilliant sketches in colour by M. Chéret we have already explained. Not only is M. Chéret's method at bottom simpler than those of his immediate predecessors, but it is also vastly more effective. They often tried to do too much, and their designs were not infrequently crowded and confused. He understood that the part is greater than the whole, and he sought only the single effect which smote the eye with unforgettable felicity. There is very little letter-press in one of M. Chéret's show cards; he has a witty paucity of phrase; he seizes on the salient and indispensable word or words, and he throws them out, generally using white letters against his coloured background, and often taking the essential word or words as the basis or backbone of his scheme of decoration. Nothing better can be imagined than his "Valentino," his "Tertulia," or his "Œuvres de Rabelais," all reproduced in coloured facsimile in M. Maindron's volume; this last, the "Rabelais," is a marvel of lightness and ease and simplicity. M. Chéret seems either to have thought out thoroughly or to have apprehended instinctively the principles which must govern the composition of an effective bill, and in most of his designs we find a few simple, salient words, printed boldly, and set off by a group in motion which accentuates the vigour of the legend. An *affiche* of M. Chéret's catches the eye, no matter what the distance may be, and as soon as it is seen it is legible; having been read, it has done its work, and the word is branded on the reader's memory, while his taste has been pleased by the design. This is the true art of bill-posting.

#### MISS MIGGS TAKES TO JOURNALISM.

WHEN our friend Mr. Punch was young and gay and like a rose in June, he had the audacity to describe and depict two most respectable daily newspapers as Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris. The unoffending prints belonged to the Tory persuasion, and Mr. Punch, who has never been able to bring himself to that pure political adiaphoria which the laughing philosopher should in strictness affect, did ungallantly commission his young men to do

dreadful things with their poke bonnets and their umbrellas and their other harmless properties. Mrs. Harris, alas! is dead long since, having by that act once for all refuted the abominable slanders of Betsy Prig; and, somehow or other, though Mrs. Gamp survives, Mr. Punch has long got out of the habit of so calling her. But in the last few days a new character from the great Dickens gallery seems to have taken a hand in the game of journalism. Perhaps (it is holiday time) the engagement is only temporary, but for the moment it is unmistakable. It will be remembered that when Miss Miggs was last heard of she was a prison matron. This must have been at least eighty years ago; and, as it is more than a hundred since the handmaiden of the Vardens was not exactly young, it would be unreasonable to suppose that she still holds that appointment under Government. Still Miss Miggs, being undoubtedly immortal (as we, who have sometimes criticized Mr. Dickens, are the first to allow), must be somewhere, and being somewhere she must be doing something. Nor do we think that any one who will look at the leader columns of the only London newspaper which supports Mr. Gladstone during the last week will have much doubt where she is and what she is doing.

Miss Miggs began on Monday in a strain of the highest sarcasm—the strain which in her younger days used to begin with "Ho! mim," and end indifferently in a flood of tears, a fainting-fit, or a tumult of scratching. To Lord Hartington the virgin now apparently feels much as she used to do to Simmuns when he did not "see through these dreadful arts," and was therefore "caged and trapped." But for Lord Salisbury, who has no exact counterpart in the earlier history, Miss Miggs has no mercy at all. He "shows symptoms [she has been reading the other works of her creator] of having mistaken the caricature of Mr. Pecksniff for an example of life and instructor [she means instruction, but that is all in keeping] of manners." He "has eaten a very large proportion of the words he has uttered, and he occupies quite as honourable and admirable a position now towards Lord Hartington as he occupied towards Mr. Parnell [with whom Miss Miggs knows, both from his own assertion and Lord Salisbury's, that Lord Salisbury never had any dealings whatever] a year ago." "The people of England ought to be deeply and humbly thankful that these three noblemen should condescend to settle their affairs for them. But still this cringing attitude on the part of an English Prime Minister is deplorable," and so on. On Tuesday the patient was a little calmer; and the distressing outbursts of her sarcasm rent her maiden bosom less sharply. But on Wednesday a very bad fit came on, chiefly, it would seem, because Miss Miggs was not admitted to the Carlton meeting. "Conservatives detest publicity," she cries; they "dislike facing Parliament"; they wanted to make a "compact" with the deluded Simmuns which would have been "unconstitutional, improper, and sure to be resented in the House of Commons." Miss Miggs's only consolation was found in the "dignified patience" of the Irish people, in the serene tranquillity of Kerry and Dublin, and in the "preservation of law and order," as instanced by Captain Moonlight's proclamations to all who will buy from a boycotted farmer or who attempt to sell without becoming members of the National League. Thursday was still worse. Unionist writers and speakers are "the quacks who deal in cheap imitations of patriotism"; the demand for supplies would be "unconstitutional," and "to describe resistance to it as obstruction shows a deplorable ignorance of political terms or a desperate recklessness in abusing them." "The patience of the House of Commons [and of Miss Miggs] has its limits," and these "discreditable tactics" won't do at all. On Friday the crisis set in. Miss Miggs had a list of the Cabinet (all wrong) before her and described its members as "coming back to office with all [their] respectable and aristocratic uselessness on [their] head." The words were actually used of Lord John Manners, who is at least equal in ability and superior in Parliamentary experience to two-thirds of Mr. Gladstone's late Cabinet, and whom the late Lord Houghton, no gushing critic, called the most absolutely stainless and chivalrous politician living.

Now it is unnecessary to look for exact correspondences to all this sarcasm and scolding in the book of the chronicles of the original history. The inquirer will not have far to look, indeed, and the inquiry will be pleasant and easy. When the enchanter tempered her hard opinions of the recreant Simmuns by the observation that "this was private feelings, and might perhaps be looked on as vengeance," the dullest must see the resemblance to the mood in which Lord Hartington is described sarcastically as a "Humble Christian." We do not indeed observe in the revived Miggs that humility which was sometimes a characteristic of her in bygone days, though perhaps "a having-no-time-to-clean-one's-self-potter's-wessel" might not improperly describe the author of that remarkable statement about the constituencies in general and Huddersfield in particular. But it is unnecessary to strain things so much as this. We have taken the liberty of supposing that Miss Miggs, in accordance with the general enlargement of the sphere of woman's mission, has taken to journalism, because there appears in the remarks quoted above, and many others not quoted, that curious character of impotent wrath, that Oh-shouldn't-I-like-to-get-at-you-if-I-only-daredness which is frequently noticeable in the less mentally fair specimens of the fair sex, and of which Miss Miggs is the literary embodiment for all time. Put in another way, what we have to say is that there is a lamentable want of evidence of the invaluable knowledge how to take a beating in the attitude of these supporters of Mr. Gladstone.

Now journalists, like other people, are mortal, and must be allowed a certain benefit of mortality. For instance, when we find an instructor of the public in the *Times* saying that the farce of *Raising the Wind* is, "as a literary production, worthless," there is no need to make much outcry about it. To be sure, it proves that the opinion of the writer, whoever he is, on literary productions is also worthless. But then he probably only said it because he did not know any other way than this rather clumsy one of praising Mr. Irving's Jeremy Diddler, or because he was in a hurry and could not think of anything striking to say, or perhaps because he has formed his taste on farces of his own or somebody else's composition which are quite different from *Raising the Wind*, and which of course are of the highest worth as literary productions. A man must, of course, speak his mind on questions of taste. Again, in the same periodical a day or two later there was (in a review of Lord Beaconsfield's novels) the even more remarkable passage, "'Go to the deuce for a woman'—to borrow the expression of Thackeray's plain-spoken Lady Southdown." Here, alas! there is no room for charitable remarks about differences of taste. Can it be that, in memory of a certain paper on "Thunder and Small Beer," they are not allowed to read Thackeray in the *Times* Office? Lady Southdown, poor woman! who spent her time on missions and tracts—Lady Southdown use such a word as "deuce," or indulge in approbation of the sinful course described in the words quoted! Why, good sir, it was Miss Crawley who made that remark about "the most beautiful part of dear Lord Nelson's character!"—Miss Crawley, whom Lady Southdown "wished to convert offhand," and to whom she very properly sent, or was going to send, but for the worldly policy of her son-in-law, that interesting tract entitled "Fleshpots Broken; or, the Converted Cannibal!" Lady Southdown is described as "strong-minded," but we really think it would have given her a fit if she had been accused of such abandoned sentiments, or of language so ungodly. Thus, it will be seen the *Times* man has not only made a mistake of fact (which any one may make), but one of those errors of congruity and *vraisemblance* which nobody ought to have made.

Still, though this want of education at the *Times* Office is very sad, and though the statement about *Raising the Wind* is only less so, both stand on quite different ground from the development of Miggsism in the faithful organ of Gladstonianism. A man may (though in that case he shouldn't quote him) forget his Thackeray; he may not under any circumstances lose his temper when he has had in public a sound, an indisputable, and, as he very well knows that it seems to most onlookers, a richly deserved beating. That, if ever, is the season for, if possible, an air of modest magnanimity, and, if that be too much, one of dogged confidence. Of course it is not easy; it is, on the contrary, one of the hardest trials (next to seeing the Object walk up an aisle in white satin and trimmings with the view of being united to Another) that anybody can have to go through in this life. But it has got to be gone through, and gone through quietly, if the by no means desirable aggravation of being laughed at as well as beaten is not to be incurred. To talk nonsense about Irish agreements that never existed, to represent the offer of office by a man who has three hundred and seventeen members of the House of Commons at his back to one who has not quite eighty as "eating the leek," as "obsequious lackeyism," as a "cringing attitude"—all textual Miggsisms—is about as silly, besides being about as undignified, as any course of conduct that can well be imagined. Of course if, like tears, hysterics, scratchings, and so forth, it gives relief to the over-charged spirits, there is some excuse for it; and everybody must be the best judge of what relieves his or her own spirits best. But it certainly is to be hoped that Miss Miggs will not become an institution of journalism, or else that she take advice, moderate the rancour of her tongue, and look a little at facts. Those facts are briefly as follows—that Miss Miggs's favourite politician has received about the most crushing rebuke from by far the most representative and (if Miss Miggs likes it) democratically representative body of Englishmen that any politician has received during this century. This fact won't be altered by calling names; nor will the other fact that, from Miss Miggs's own point of view, there is no appeal from the people, and that what the people does must be right. The least said is such a case the soonest mended, especially when nothing better can be found to say than to talk about leaks in the case of a statesman who takes office by consent of a triumphant majority. Miss Miggs was originally a town young lady, and perhaps did not know much of vegetables. Yet surely the tears of rage must have deeply suffused "the tender youth of those fair eyes" when she cannot tell a leek from a laurel!

#### THE LINCOLN DIOCESAN ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

THE first day of the recent proceedings of the Lincoln Diocesan Architectural Society was devoted exclusively to Lincoln. But for a city so rich in architectural and historical interest a single day was certainly insufficient. Though the arrangements were excellent, and punctuality was strictly observed, it was found impossible to include in the survey of the city all the objects deserving of notice. After matins the proceedings of the meeting were opened by the Bishop of Nottingham in the Chapter House, after which came a lecture on the architectural history of the Minster, tracing it from its foundation by Remigius of Fécamp,

the first Norman bishop—indeed, actually the first bishop of Lincoln, his predecessors having been, as he was at his first appointment, bishops of Dorchester—through the various alterations, reconstructions, and enlargements of Alexander the magnificent, St. Hugh and his successors to the time of Grosseteste, until the fabric received the perfected form in which we see it by the addition of the "Angel Choir" to receive the shrine of St. Hugh, in the latter half of the thirteenth century, and the completion of the unequalled central tower at the opening of the fourteenth century, and of the western towers at its close. Since the last visit of the Society to the Minster, the choir has been disencumbered of the high box-pews with which its proportions had been hidden, and it has been fitted with carved oak seats. The yellow wash has also been removed from the Purbeck marble decorative shafts of the Angel Choir, and a commencement has been made in polishing the piers; the northern arm of the greater transept, the vault of which was in an insecure state, has been restored; the failing south-west tower has been underpinned; and the whole west front, which was parting from the fabric behind, safely bound together. It was a satisfaction to not a few to realize that Lincoln Minster, though constantly under repair and renovation, employing a large staff of workmen under Mr. Pearson's directions, has never been "restored" in the modern sense, but still preserves its venerable aspect both within and without. The most marked improvement to the external view of the Minster has been produced by the lowering of the road at the west end and south side, and the removal of the vast mass of earth, piled up in some places to the height of four feet, against the north and south flanks of the nave. The Galilee Porch, which was formerly entered by a descent of seven steps, is now approached on a level, and one ascends to the great western portals instead of going down to them. The whole proportions of the edifice are now seen in a manner which was before impossible, and the general effect is much enhanced. No work of cathedral restoration in England deserves more unqualified commendation. None has done so much good without inflicting the slightest injury or obscuring a single ancient feature.

The afternoon was spent in a perambulation of the city, beginning with the remains of the Roman dominion, of which larger traces exist in Lincoln than in almost any other Roman town in Britain. Beginning with the recently discovered portico, the grandest relic of civil Roman architecture in England out of Bath, the party inspected the Roman gateway, still forming the northern entrance to the city, as it did sixteen hundred years and more ago, and walked along the Ugger to its north-east corner. The eastern flank, enclosed in a garden, to which admission was courteously given, exhibits the foss and mound, capped with a large stretch of the wall, in a fine state of preservation. We can here realize the immense strength of the position before the invention of the modern modes of warfare. Traversing the Roman city and passing the site of the eastern and southern gates, of the latter of which some small traces remain, the party examined the two "Jews' houses"—that of Aaron the Jew, whose treasures, seized on his death by Henry II., are lying somewhere at the bottom of the Channel, the ship conveying them having been wrecked on its voyage to Normandy in 1187; and that of Belaseth (Belle aseth), of Wallingford, who, unlucky woman, was hanged for clipping the king's coin in 1290, fifteen years after the wedding feast of her daughter Judith and Aaron the son of Benjamin had been kept under its roof. Both are excellent examples of the domestic architecture of the twelfth century; their massive stone walls, by which the Jews' money-chests were guarded from the designs of the mediæval *ρομάνοι*, having survived by centuries the mean hovels of wattle and daub which formed the staple of our early town buildings. Descending the hill, the grand old gateway of the Stone Bow, upbearing the ancient timber-roofed Guildhall, was found under restoration at the safe hands of Mr. Pearson. It is difficult to believe that the demolition of this noble gatehouse, one of the survivals of mediæval times which make Lincoln the interesting city it is, was seriously contemplated a few months since by some leading members of the municipality—

O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint—

and that its preservation was only secured after a long and hard fight, reflecting the greatest credit on its defenders. Once before, 1810–1811, the destruction of the Stone Bow was threatened, and was all but carried into effect. We may now hope that, in its renovated state, happier than Temple Bar, it may be safe from the attacks of municipal Philistines. Of the growth of culture in Lincoln the restoration of the remarkable Transition-Norman building erroneously called "John of Gaunt's Stables," being really the hall of St. Mary's Guild, exhibits a proof. Long devoted to the purpose of a malt-house, to which it probably owes its preservation, the buildings had become ruinous. The walls were bulging, the roof was tottering. The twelfth-century house which forms the most interesting portion was "nodding to a fall." Archaeologists were beginning to tremble. But, with a realization of the value of the building which would have been simply inconceivable half a century back, the worthy maltster who occupies it for his craft, with the sanction and help of his landlord, determined it should be restored—"restored," that is, in the true sense; not by vainly attempting to reproduce lost features and substituting spiritless modern imitations for ancient work, but simply by strengthening what remained, removing additions



which hid the construction, and placing the whole in substantial repair. A more honest and sensible bit of restoration we have seldom seen. After inspecting Colswegen's churches of St. Peter at Gowts and St. Mary-le-Wigford, with their historic towers—tall, square, slender, tapering, unbuttressed, their windows exhibiting the mid-wall shaft, that sure sign of pre-Norman influences—and other relics of antiquity in the lower town, the party once more climbed the hill and made their way to the "Vicar's Court." The public dinner and evening meeting succeeded. Our limits forbid us to dwell at length on the second day's proceedings, which, as we have said, comprised a long and most pleasant drive across the Heath and the Cliff to various village churches. Canwick, the first visited, was the only unrestored church of the day. Its ceiled and pewed nave, the elaborate carvings of its Norman chancel arch clogged with repeated coats of colour-wash, and the very curious little Early English reredos in the side chapel, used as a vestry, besmeared with paint, call loudly for a restoring hand. Branston, with another pre-Norman tower, capped with a later spire, and several remains of long-and-short work, is a fine church, the restoration of which was one of Sir G. G. Scott's latest works. The church at Nocton, commenced by the late Lady Ripon as a memorial to her husband, the once well-known "Prosperity Robinson," and finished by her son, the present Marquess, is also from Scott's designs. It was built without limit as to cost, and has a lofty spire; but, in spite of its lavish decoration in stained glass, frescoed walls, sculptured reredos, and carved capitals, it cannot be called a satisfactory building. The new church at Dunston, next visited, designed by Mr. H. Carpenter, though far less pretentious and probably erected at half the cost, is much more pleasing. The old tower and some portions of the former church, of very good Early English character, which it was found possible to preserve, have influenced the design favourably. The result is excellent. The church at Blankney is a successful restoration, by the same architect, of a very pleasing Decorated village church. Here, however, and at Navenby, which was next visited, the fatal mistake of scarifying the internal walls has been made. Navenby church was next reached, celebrated for its magnificent Decorated chancel, faithfully but somewhat coldly restored, with its exceedingly rich series of carved work, in Easter-sepulchre, founder's tomb, piscina, and sedilia rivalling those of Heckington in the surpassing beauty of its sculpture. Somerton Castle—the work of Antony Beke, the warlike Bishop of Durham, also King of Man and Patriarch of Jerusalem, one of the most characteristic personages of his age, built in 1281 while Chancellor of Lincoln, and given by him to Edward I., as he had previously bestowed Eltham on Queen Eleanor—formed a welcome break to the long series of churches. This castle, of which considerable portions, including a lofty drum tower, remain in a tenable state, is historically interesting as the place of captivity of John, King of France, after the battle of Poitiers, from August 4, 1359, to March 31 of the following year, of which Bishop Trollope gave some very curious and amusing details, including particulars of his tailor's, grocer's, and apothecary's bills—e.g. "2 lbs. of Senna, ½ lb. of fine Rhubarb, ¼ lb. sweet Electuary, 1 lb. of Diaculon," &c.—extracted from the *Notes et Documents relatifs à Jean Roi de France*, printed by the Duc d'Anjou. The other churches visited—Coleby, Harmston, and Waddington, though each presenting points of interest—must be passed over.

At the evening meetings papers were read by Mr. M. H. Bloxam on the "Monuments of the Minster"; by the Precentor on an affray ending in bloodshed in the Minster and its precincts between the servants of the Dean and the officials of the church in Bishop Buckingham's episcopate, 1393; by the Rev. A. R. Maddison on "The Internal History of the Cathedral Choir between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion"; and a lecture was delivered by the Rev. G. F. Browne on "Pre-Norman Sculptured Stones," which, in spite of the technicality of the subject, such was the charm of Mr. Browne's manner and the lucidity of his style, awakened an almost enthusiastic interest in the hearers. A description was also given by Mr. Thropp of the ancient boat found lately at Brigg, the suit with respect to the ownership of which was the subject of a recent article in our columns.

#### THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

THERE is a conservatism in the racing as well as in the political world, and innovations are often as coldly received on the Turf as elsewhere. It was not, therefore, to be expected that the institution of a stake of such gigantic proportion as to put all others into the shade would meet with universal approval. There were objectors who said that in all probability less money would be won over the Eclipse Stakes of 10,000*l.* than over a Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire worth little more than as many hundreds. In the case of the two last-named races and others of the same type immense sums can be won in bets, and it was said that some 40,000*l.* had been won over one such race by a horse that ran in the Eclipse Stakes, for his owner alone. On the Derby, St. Leger, and Two Thousand, the same thing can be done, because very large books are always open upon those races; but many people thought that the Eclipse Stakes would practically be nothing more or less than a gigantic cup race, and on such events the betting is not, as a general rule, so heavy as on great handicaps or three-year-old races.

The Eclipse Stakes was, to all intents and purposes, a sort of Tontine. In a couple of years there are many risks to horses in training, and many a promising name among the 265 entries was almost forgotten before the day of the race. The 10*l.* entrance seemed a very small and inoffensive beginning, but the owners of 103 of the 265 horses would pay no more, and thus 1,030*l.* was very soon left in the Tontine for the benefit of others. The owners of the horses left in had, after October 1884, to pay 20*l.* more, and at this sum 66 horses were withdrawn, leaving behind them an additional 1,980*l.* for the Tontine. The owners who left their horses in after the first Tuesday in 1885 had to make up their minds to pay another 30*l.*, and then nothing happened for a year, when the last opportunity occurred of scratching a horse at 60*l.* and saving a final 50*l.* On this occasion—the 5th of last January—forty-eight horses were taken out of the race, adding 2,880*l.* to the 3,010*l.* already accumulated in the Tontine. As there were forty-eight horses still left in who had to pay 110*l.* each, the subscriptions and forfeits exceeded the sum required to make up the promised stakes. It is but fair to say, however, that the entrance for the Eclipse Stakes of 1888 is of very much smaller proportions, and it may be a question whether the subscriptions and forfeits are likely to make up the required sum of 10,500*l.* It is particularly to be noticed that the Eclipse Stakes differed from the Derby and most other races on an important point, for a horse left in after January last had to pay exactly the same sum, whether he started or not.

At first sight one might have been inclined to say that the course for the Eclipse Stakes should have been over a mile and a half; but a mile and a quarter was perhaps a better distance, as it allowed a larger number of horses a chance of winning, and on the severe Sandown hill a mile and a quarter is enough to put a horse's stamina to a pretty severe test, provided the pace is good. The penalties were reasonable enough, and did not vary much from those of other weight-for-age races. Winners of a stake worth 500*l.* had to carry 4 lbs. extra; of 1,000*l.*, 7 lbs. extra (handicaps not included); while winners of either the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, or Grand Prix de Paris had 10 lbs. extra. For the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot the penalties for the same winnings are respectively 3 lbs., 5 lbs., and 9 lbs. In some races, such as the Racing Stakes at Goodwood, there is a heavier penalty for winning the Derby than for winning the Oaks or Grand Prix; but this is somewhat unusual. Many people thought that the 10 lbs. penalty would affect the class of horses that would run for the Eclipse Stakes; but among the starters were St. Gatien, who ranked as a winner of the Derby because he had run a dead-heat for that race, Miss Jummy, a winner of the Oaks, and Bendigo, who, although not a winner of one of the great three-year-old races, was a very distinguished race-horse. Nor were the fears that it would be difficult to back a horse to win a large sum of money for the Eclipse Stakes justified by the result. On the contrary, it turned out a very good betting race. We are not in a position to say exactly when the betting began, but Minting was backed at 3 to 1, Bendigo at 7 to 2, and St. Gatien at 9 to 2 immediately before the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting—that is to say, about the 10th of May. For the next two months the market was wonderfully steady, for Minting only advanced from one point to a point and a half, while Bendigo and St. Gatien rarely varied more than a point. It was, indeed, hard upon Mr. Vyner that Minting should strain the flexor tendon of his near fore-leg on the very eve of the race, when a tremendous favourite at 6 to 4. This catastrophe took away much of the interest of the Eclipse Stakes; but at the same time it made it more sensational, and rendered the race more open.

In reviewing the first Eclipse Stakes it must not be forgotten that not a penny of it was added money. Indeed, as we have already said, the subscriptions amounted to considerably more than 10,000*l.* The conditions of the race provided for this contingency, empowering the executive either to use the surplus for a Consolation Stakes, to be run for by unplaced starters, or to divide it among the second and third horses. The authorities decided to do the latter. The general inference from the large number of subscriptions to the Eclipse Stakes would be that owners would rather pay 10*l.*, with the option of leaving their horses in the race by paying 20*l.*, 30*l.*, and 50*l.* more at intervals, making in all a stake of 110*l.*, than 25*l.* and an optional 50*l.*, as in the Derby. The question presents itself whether the high value of the Eclipse Stakes has been the principal cause of the paucity of the subscription to the Derby of 1888, which is the smallest of the last forty years and more. But, after all, when we talk about the magnitude of the Eclipse Stakes, it is well to avoid exaggeration. The Eclipse Stakes is certainly worth 10,000*l.*, but it is open to horses of all ages except two-year-olds, so one might naturally expect a larger entry than for a race confined to three-year-olds; yet the Derby of 1879 had thirteen more subscribers than the late Eclipse Stakes, and was worth 7,025*l.* In addition to the second Eclipse Stakes, however, there are many other valuable races in prospect. The Whitsuntide Plate of 5,000*l.* at Manchester, for instance, will be worth more than the late Derby, and stakes worth at least half as much as a Derby are quite common. The honour of winning a Derby is supposed to be worth more than the stakes, and there have undoubtedly been men who would have even paid the value of the stakes twice over for the certainty of winning a Derby; but that race, being strictly confined to three-year-olds, can only *per se* entitle a horse to the distinction of being the best of his year, whereas the winner of the Eclipse Stakes may claim to be presumably the best horse over two years

old in training, unless there should be external evidence to the contrary, as there might be equally in the case of a winner of the Derby. Hence, it is not unlikely that, in future, winners of the Eclipse Stakes may, as a rule, rank higher than winners of the Derby, especially as the first-named race is not to be an annual affair. But, whatever may be the influence of the Eclipse Stakes upon the Derby, there can be no doubt that this year it had the effect of temporarily paralysing the betting upon the St. Leger. There is still ample time for ambitious people to ruin themselves upon that race; but, whether for good or evil, the betting upon the approaching St. Leger can scarcely be said to have begun before the Eclipse Stakes was decided.

When the Eclipse Stakes was first mooted, there were various speculations as to the ages of the horses that would be likely to run for it, but it was generally expected that the bulk of the field would be three-year-olds and four-year-olds. As it turned out, there were one six-year-old, two five-year-olds, one four-year-old, and eight three-year-olds. A dozen starters made a small and disappointing field. Still, it cannot be said that it was small for a cup race, and we cannot get away from the fact that the Eclipse Stakes is a race of that class, large as it is in point of value. It would be unfair to stigmatize the field as having been more remarkable for quantity than quality, yet one cannot help regretting that neither Melton, Ormonde, The Bard, nor Minting took part in a race that was apparently intended to point out the best horse in training during a period of four years.

Every good sportsman must reflect with satisfaction upon the fact that a thoroughly good horse won the Eclipse Stakes. That the winner should have trained on until he is six years old is another cause for congratulation to patrons of the British Turf. It is well worth noticing that this very successful race-horse did not run as a two-year-old; that he never ran in public until October as a three-year-old, and that he has only run in ten races throughout his life. Whether it is reasonable to argue from this that early racing and frequent racing are bad for a horse, only those who know the causes of the moderation exercised in Bendigo's case can be in a position to say with certainty. There can be no doubt, however, that gentlemen who give long prices for yearlings may do well to bear in mind that Bendigo only cost 70 guineas as a two-year-old. It is pretty generally agreed that he is one of the best-looking horses in training, and his deeds have at least equalled his looks. To have won one Cambridgeshire, to have run second for two others, to have won the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Hardwicke Stakes—two races worth 4,551l.—and to have won the Eclipse Stakes of 10,000l., are very great performances. We must not, however, lose our heads over the popular idol, nor should it be forgotten that Plaisanterie beat him by two lengths at about weight-for-age; that when Florence beat him she gave him nearly a stone, or that when he won the Cambridgeshire he was only carrying 6 st. 10 lbs. When we look at the Eclipse Stakes again, we are forced to admit that the only great horse that opposed Bendigo was St. Gatien, and that the difficulty St. Gatien found in beating St. Michael by a head at Ascot showed him to have deteriorated lamentably upon his three-year-old and four-year-old form. But it must be distinctly understood that we have no wish to say a word in disparagement of this truly great horse, and he certainly won the Eclipse Stakes as if he had something like a stone in hand. His sire, Ben Battle, cannot be called a fashionable stallion, and it is rather remarkable that Bendigo is one of the very few descendants of the famous Gladiateur that have distinguished themselves. The victory of Mr. Barclay was a most popular one; there is no better or more honourable jockey on the Turf than Cannon, and Jousiffe deserves great credit for the condition in which he brought Bendigo to the post. Candlemas, the winner of the Grand Prize at Epsom, beat St. Gatien for second place, and thus secured a handsome stake for his owner. In spite of the awkward turn, there was no scrimmage or jostling throughout the race. The atrocious weather and the enormous crowd were the only drawbacks to the pleasure of the occasion. Taken as a whole, the first Eclipse Stakes has been an immense success, and the ringing cheers which were given for Mr. Hwfa Williams were richly deserved. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that in the world of pleasure and fashion the inauguration of the Eclipse Stakes has been the event of the year.

#### INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION. NEW ZEALAND AND FIJI.

IF a traveller bound for the Britain of the South took ship in the Kyles of Bute, went to sleep, and waked in Blue Skin Bay, Dunedin, he would still think himself in Scotland on first sight of the new land. The larger and older towns of Australia, such as Sydney and Melbourne, are essentially English in their way of life; but the landscape is for the most part flat, like a picture fallen out of its frame. There is the spirit of the English home, but not its form. In New Zealand both form and spirit of the mother-country are preserved, with the difference of a more abiding sunshine. The conditions of life are more favourable. There is less misery and suffering; absolutely no privation; while the mortality is returned at only 11·45 deaths in a thousand. That is, New Zealand is one of the healthiest, but it is also one of the most beautiful, parts of the world. The general popular impression about New Zealand is that it is a land of orchards, gardens, corn-fields, and pastoral lands, the chief products of which are

wool, mutton, tallow, hides, and gold; that the chief occupation of the colonists is in tilling the land, planting, sowing, reaping, shepherding, and other kinds of primitive toil. This is true, but it is only half the truth. The New Zealanders are not only admirable farmers, shepherds, gardeners, flockmasters, and millers; they are also great shipmen and makers of all kinds of things in wood, iron, and brass, in silver and gold, in cottons, wools, and pottery. In woods the furniture is of excellent workmanship, whether it be the fanciful and inlaid or the common and useful, the drawing-room tables and cabinets or the beds and wardrobes. In iron the exhibit of the fuchsia flowers and leaves surpasses for delicacy and beauty anything produced by Coalbrook Dale. In brass everything and of equal excellence is made as Birmingham makes, and the gold and silver-mounted jewelry shows skill and taste. In leathers great perfection has been reached, as also in wools, the trousseings, rugs, mauls, and blankets being equal to the best that either Scotland or Yorkshire produces. The textile fabrics and thread from New Zealand flax are excellent; so also the lace-net and embroidery, the hosiery and underclothing for both sexes; even the perfumery cannot be surpassed. These things are not, as in too many cases, thrown together in heaps or bundles, but are placed in admirable order, so that to go from the raw material to the made article is not a toil, but a pleasure. Even the dirt—called "wash dirt"—of the mines has its appointed place, and is full of significance. The mineral products, including the all-important coal, have received most discriminating care in their arrangement. The gold "ore" of which so much has been carelessly written we have not seen, but the metallic gold is worthy of notice for its water-worn surface—indeed the face of the New Zealand gold carries the history of its own labour and travel. Cinnabar and the ores of silver, the crystals of antimony, star antimony, iron-sand, and copper are all admirable and well seen.

The quaint exhibit from Mount Cook and Mount Egmont—Alpine heights of 12,000 feet—called by the learned *Ranalia eximia*, and by plain people, vegetable sheep, introduces us to the timbers and prepares the visitor for new and strange things. And surely, if only for its bigness and beauty of colour, the mottled Kauri pine, and the silver beech, black maple, ngaio, honeysuckle, Karuka, and totara knot, are both beautiful and strange. The show-cases are made of these woods and should be noticed. The fernery is perhaps the most remarkable pictorial representation of the flora of any country ever brought together; it is beautiful to all beholders, but surely most beautiful to men whose thought it is how to represent beauty in its most charming characteristics. Very little effort is required to imagine what the working, natural climate of New Zealand is by gazing on these exhibitions of its varied and delightful flora. The pumpkin which measures something like five feet in girth will be reckoned not one of the least important of the witnesses to the strength and fineness of the climate which produced it.

In miscellaneous exhibits it may be said that the silver-work is not so good as the pottery; the feather-work, especially the ladies' feather muffs, is sweet and pretty. The pickles and preserves are in great variety. The birds are worthy of the trees and flowers, and the fishes are as finely represented as is everything else, including the honey. All the photographs are of the greatest service, the only vulgar picture among them being a temple of Jupiter Ammon, which turns out to be a Baptist tabernacle.

All these things belong to our present time, together with the admirable maps and diagrams which have been prepared with so much pains and skill to enable visitors to master the details of New Zealand geography, geology, and climate. It is to be regretted that the "relief model" cannot be more easily seen, as it is certainly a pity that a work of so much usefulness prepared with so much art should be placed almost out of sight.

But the remote as well as the immediate past of New Zealand has not been forgotten. We can only remark that the Maori court is one of the most impressive in the whole Exhibition, and simply call attention to the ornamentation on the mats, the liver slicers, tribal clubs, the prows of war-canoes, canoe-balers, door-posts, and the tattooings or "cuttings on the flesh." Without wishing to excite the ire of learned ethnologists, we cannot resist the pleasure of pointing out to ordinary mortals the great similarity that exists between this style of ornament and that which is to be seen on the "Aztec relics" in the Bahamas court; and, further, if we should have a permanent Colonial Exhibition established in London, it is to be hoped that it will be modelled and laid out on the lines of this New Zealand department.

It is just and right that New Zealand should make the most of her coal, and iron, and other metals—make buggies, boots and shoes, petticoats, and trousers, rope, and fine things in brass and copper; but it is nevertheless highly refreshing to get out of the shop into the fields, to fly the noise of steam-hammers for the bleating of sheep, the lowing of oxen, and the song of birds, to enter a British colony, in brief, which does not compete with Birmingham, Bradford, Sheffield, Leeds, and Halifax in hardware and soft goods. This is Fiji, an unmitigated cannibal island, with all the cannibals turned into gardeners, planters, and cultivators of nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves. The regret is that these husbandmen are so few. Here we see no swift and violent strife after riches, no gold to lash into fury the lusts of men, no gambling in trade or rigging of markets. Sugar-making is, of course, a trade, and is perhaps as keenly pursued as the retailing of grocery. It will be noticed that the only craft represented is that of the ancient and honourable potter, and that the old pottery



of Fiji is much superior to that of New Zealand. Here are grown fine coffee, excellent tobacco and tea, chillies, sago, arrowroot, and rice; coconuts in abundance, from which comes the copra, from which is made coconut oil; also cinchona, croton-oil seeds, and banana vinegar, no doubt soon to be followed by banana flour. There are butterflies of lovely plumage to bear testimony to the peaceful, sunny climate; maize a foot long and more than six inches round the base. The native weapons are wisely distributed among the mats, the merino wools, yams, sandal-woods, fibres, mohair, tappa or native cloth, and books in the Fijian tongue—all, with the exception of a dictionary, being what are called good books, such as psalms and hymns, manuals of theology, and some of the books of the Old Testament.

#### LORD MAYO'S BUST AT ST. PAUL'S.

LIKE for the merit, public and private, of the man, and for the artistic excellence of the work of art, Lord Mayo's bust, by Mr. Boehm, just uncovered in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, deserves no ordinary praise. Years have sped with a strange frequency of disaster since the barbarian assassin cut short that noble life, and Lord Mayo seems to have receded into ancient history; and yet it is only fourteen years since the sad news of his death shocked that English public which had just begun to appreciate how great a man it possessed in the Viceroy who had been all but superseded in his appointment by the earliest Gladstone Government in its first flush of insolence. So genial was he, so buoyant and hearty, that the world was apt not to look under the attractive surface for the statesman's mind which formed his real and solid character. Of this mind Mr. Boehm has constituted himself a successful interpreter, although he never had the advantage of seeing his original. But he conceived, and conceived rightly, a face whose fine and classical features are lighted up by an expression thoughtful, calm, and benignant. We should invite those who have studied this bust, then, to satiate themselves with the contemplation of the Celtic features which crowd the Parnellite benches in the House of Commons, and they may then be able to form some opinion of the amount of blackguardism and baseness which was likely to have characterized Lord Mayo's Irish administration. The closing scene of his life identified him with India, but he had been before that a distinguished Irish Secretary, and in this connexion let it never be forgotten that Lord Mayo was the author of that statesmanlike policy of overcoming the religious difficulty in Ireland by levelling up, which Mr. Gladstone contemptuously brushed aside in a whirlwind of a fanaticism which was prompted by an aversion to establishments more deeply rooted in his strange nature than the world was willing eighteen years since to acknowledge.

#### THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

THE refusal of the public to subscribe for the shares of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, though the Company was brought out by Messrs. N. and M. Rothschild & Sons, and though the City article of the *Times* urged upon its readers to support the enterprise, can surprise no careful observer. According to the prospectus, indeed, a dividend of at least 7 per cent. is reasonably certain, while a dividend of as much as 18 per cent. is not improbable; but we all know how widely estimates differ from actual results. It may be assumed, now that Messrs. Lucas & Aird have contracted to construct the Canal for nearly half a million less than was allowed by Parliament, that the engineering difficulties in the way are not very serious, and that, therefore, if the money is forthcoming, the Canal can be constructed. But the question remains whether it will prove remunerative to those who subscribe to it. Apparently the people of Lancashire are not even satisfied that the Canal would greatly develop their own industries. The preliminary expenses, amounting to nearly 150,000*l.*, having been found without difficulty, and the failure of the promoters twice to carry the Bill through Parliament not having daunted them, it was generally assumed that there was a real and strong desire throughout Lancashire for the construction of the Canal. If such a popular support really existed, there can be little doubt that the money for construction would have been forthcoming. But evidence is wanting that the manufacturers of Manchester and the district around are so well satisfied as they were represented to be that the construction of the Canal would exercise a very beneficial influence on their fortunes. A map that accompanied the prospectus shows that Manchester would have been a nearer port than any now existing, not only for the Manchester district, properly so called, but for parts of Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and Cheshire also; and the estimate, accordingly, is that a very large part of the traffic that now is conveyed from Liverpool, Hull, and other ports would have found its way to Manchester. Against this, however, it is to be borne in mind that, even if the Canal were constructed, it would not, except for the immediate neighbourhood, do away with the necessity of carriage by rail and breaking of bulk; that the Railway Companies might so lower their rates to competing ports as to counterbalance the advantages the Canal would offer; and that, therefore, the traffic obtainable by the Canal would be much less than the promoters suppose. Especially it is to be borne in mind that the opposition of Liverpool to the scheme is very great. There can be no dispute, of

course, that Liverpool is an extremely dear port; that not only are the dues heavy, but that the railway charges are likewise burdensome, and consequently the work of distribution is tedious and expensive. Moreover, it cannot be denied that the facilities offered by Liverpool are less than might be desired—in other words, that the traffic is now almost as great as the port can provide for. But it is reasonable to suppose that, if Liverpool saw itself in danger of losing a large part of its traffic, it would materially reduce its rates and increase its facilities, and that the Railway Companies, to retain the present profitable traffic, would proportionately lower their charges. The result might be that Liverpool would retain a much larger part of its traffic than is generally assumed, and that, therefore, the traffic of the Canal would be exceedingly small. Even if this were to happen, it might well pay the great capitalists of Lancashire and the surrounding districts to construct the Canal. Their main object is to lower the cost of carriage to and from Manchester, and it might be profitable to construct the Canal in order to effect this even if the Canal did not pay any dividends. But it is entirely different with small investors. The Canal Company was evidently intended to attract small investors, for the shares are 10*l.* shares only. Now, if the Canal were not to earn dividends, the small investors could hardly afford to wait until the traffic would be sufficiently developed. In other words, the Canal is clearly one that ought to be constructed, if it is to be constructed at all, by great capitalists. They can afford to wait if their expectations are at first disappointed, and, even if their expectations should never be realized, they may be rewarded indirectly for their investment by reduced charges on carriage of materials.

A more serious reason why small investors were wise in not subscribing for the shares of the Canal Company is found in the probability that the Canal would have to encounter the bitterest opposition from the great Railway Companies, and more particularly from the London & North-Western. Rightly or wrongly, the great Companies believe that the construction of the Canal would inflict heavy losses upon themselves. It is quite possible that this may be a mistake. If the Canal proves as beneficial as its promoters believe, the development of the industries of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire might so increase the traffic passing over the great railways as not only to compensate them for the loss of competitive traffic, but actually to increase their earnings. The Companies, however, refuse to take this view. They see that the first result of the construction of the Canal would be a reduction of rates, and they desire to avoid that at any cost. The probability, then, is that as soon as the Canal is built the great Companies will reduce rates very much. The late Mr. Vanderbilt, when he found that the West Shore line was constructed in competition with the New York Central, reduced rates and fares so much that the West Shore Company was not only unable to pay interest upon its bonds, but was unable even to cover its working expenses. The Company, therefore, was obliged to sell its line to Mr. Vanderbilt. The shares were completely wiped out and the bonded debt was reduced to one-half. A result so disastrous is not probable in the case of the Ship Canal; but it is quite possible that a long war of rates may ensue when the Canal is opened for traffic, and that the prospect of a dividend may be greatly postponed. It is even possible that the competition of the Railway Companies may compel the Canal Company to enter into some kind of arrangement with them. Some pooling arrangement or other may thus deprive Manchester of some of the advantages it expects, and may materially lessen the traffic of the Canal. All this, of course, is a mere risk, but it is a risk sufficiently grave to deter small investors from subscribing. And in these days the disposition of the small investors makes or mars the success of an issue. On every ground, therefore, it appears wise on the part of the small investors to have refrained from subscribing to the Company. Doubtless, enough of them would have been induced to subscribe had the Stock Exchange looked with favour upon the Company, but from the first it set its face against the enterprise. Possibly, if Manchester and the other great towns of Lancashire had taken up the enterprise with enthusiasm, and had subscribed largely, London would have followed the example; but Manchester not having taken the lead, the hostility of the Stock Exchange was fatal to the success of the Company. The Stock Exchange is, of course, deeply interested in the great Railway Companies, and it looks with scant favour upon any project likely to reduce their dividend prospects. Besides, the great Railway Companies are connected in one way or another with most of the great financial houses, and, through them, were likewise able to exercise an unfavourable influence upon the subscription.

The Act of Parliament allows another year within which to raise the necessary funds, and the directors of the Company, apparently, are not discouraged by what has occurred, but are resolved to persevere with the undertaking. That they will succeed in the long run is probable. There is quite enough of wealth in the district proposed to be served by the Canal to find the money necessary for its construction. In any case money can always be found for any purpose if a sufficient price is paid for it. During the four years the construction will occupy, the prospectus of the issue just attempted offered interest only at the rate of 4 per cent. That evidently was not sufficient to attract subscribers, but some other arrangement may be made which will be sufficiently profitable for great capitalists to take the matter in hand. It is, as we have been pointing out, eminently an undertaking for great capitalists, and to them the directors will have

to look if the enterprise is to be carried out. Assuming that the money is found, and that the Canal is built and has got over its early inevitable difficulties with the Railway Companies, its influence upon the industry of the country will probably be greater than is generally believed. It is now regarded almost everywhere as a purely local enterprise; but a glance at the map accompanying the prospectus will show that it is really much more. Manchester is nearer than any existing port to the potteries district of Staffordshire, the salt district of Cheshire, the woollen district of Yorkshire, and the steel works of Sheffield; it is even nearer to the coal district of Wolverhampton. The Canal would, therefore, enable Manchester to compete, as we have observed above, not alone with Liverpool, but with the ports on the East coast. Liverpool, to retain its present pre-eminence, would of course reduce its dues of every kind, and would endeavour so to increase its facilities as to keep as much as possible of the competitive traffic. The ports on the East coast would do the same, and thus London might find itself exposed to a new and a keener competition. Even now the competition of Liverpool with London is severe, and every reduction in Liverpool charges, as well as in the rates and fares by railway from Liverpool, would make the competition more severe. There might, therefore, be a considerable shifting of trade all over England, and a considerable reduction of profits for some time to come. In the long run, of course, London would be able to hold its own. It has advantages of which it never can be deprived, and it also could reduce charges and compel the Railway Companies to do the like. But the effect of the Canal in thus disturbing established industries might be considerable. Industries, as all experience teaches, are apt to remain in the district where they are once well established; but, at the same time, there are too many instances of the transference of great industries from one part of the country to another to blind us to the fact that even apparently so small a cause as the construction of a ship canal may have a very powerful effect. However this may be, the energy and determination shown by the promoters of the Canal in the past are not likely to be damped by a single failure. The promoters will, no doubt, turn in other directions to retrieve their defeat, and there can hardly be a doubt that they will succeed.

#### THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

MR. FROUDE is a writer with whom we have often had occasion to disagree. In his own estimation he is nothing if not historical, while in the judgment of many of his critics he is seldom other than unhistorical; and we are afraid that on the whole the verdict of his critics is nearer the truth than his own. We are therefore the more glad to be able for once to commend in the main his treatment of an historical question, where indeed it was not easy to go wrong; not that even here he can claim unimpeached commendation. There are not wanting signs that the old Adam of theological and general crotchetedness doth yet remain even in the partially regenerated recorder of historic fact. He hesitates sometimes when he might well have spoken positively; he is dogmatic on points which are doubtful or irrelevant, or where he is at once irrelevant and incorrect; he cannot forget that he is above all things a Protestant, or that in addressing a Scotch audience he ought to be at least half a Presbyterian. For the papers reprinted in the last three numbers of *Good Words* contain a *résumé* of lectures delivered before the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh. Still we think that, in selecting the rise, constitution, and fall of "the Templars" for his theme Mr. Froude may be congratulated on his choice of an interesting and to many well-educated persons not too familiar subject, and that, so far as his limited space allowed, he has on the whole so handled it as to promote a sounder knowledge of one of the strangest episodes of mediæval history. And it is something meanwhile to find the author of the *Nemesis of Faith* admitting, with Carlyle, that if "belief has done much evil, it has done all the good." No doubt Mr. Froude is justified in assuming that the great majority of English or Scotch readers when they hear of the Templars think instinctively of the leading character, though he is not technically the hero, of *Ivanhoe*, and perhaps also of the treacherous Sir Giles Amaury in the *Talisman*. And he does well to caution them at the outset against a fundamental misconception which underlies Scott's entire treatment of the subject. Brian de Bois Guilbert could not have been "a perjured priest," nor could Giles Amaury have offered absolution to anybody, whether in good or in bad faith, for the simple reason that Templars were not priests at all. They were, indeed, like other Orders, bound by the three religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, but they "were laymen as much as kings and barons." They had chaplains of their own to officiate for them, but the chaplains did not belong to the Order; they were knights, not priests, and their special business was to fight, not to pray: that is, to fight the Saracens. They were the children of the Crusades, if not of the Crusaders, and they owed their origin to the wave of passionate enthusiasm which passed over Europe in the eleventh century, when the cry *Hierosolyma est perdita* rang from the desecrated shrines of Palestine to the remotest ends of Christendom. A little band of nine young French knights of noble birth formed the nucleus of the great military Order, which at the time of its suppression numbered 15,000 members, and their earliest home was in the palace of the Latin kings on the site of Solomon's Temple; the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was their first chapel. Their famous war-cry of "Beauceant" Mr.

Froude considers to have been the cry of the Burgundian peasantry recalling their birthplace. One of the original nine happened to be a kinsman of St. Bernard, then all powerful in the Church, and he procured for them the benediction of the Pope (Honorius II.), and a Charter from the Council of Troyes (in 1127), afterwards confirmed by Alexander III. He also drew up their rule, which bore a certain resemblance, *mutatis mutandis*—and the *mutanda* were necessarily considerable—to his own Cistercian rule:—

The Templars were to be purely self-governed. The head was called the Grand Master. They chose him themselves, and he was to reside always at the post of danger, in Palestine. Under him were Preceptors—four or five in each of the great nations of Europe. Under them were Priors, the superiors of the different convents of the order. All these officers were knights, and all laymen. The knights, as I said, took the three monastic vows. They abjured all personal property; they swore to remain pure; they swore to obey the order of their superiors without question, without hesitation, as if it came from God.

They had to attend the ordinary religious offices in chapel, but with a liberal power of dispensation, when their military duties required it; abundant food was provided for their use, and they were forbidden to fast. Sporting and idle games of all kinds were forbidden them, with one notable exception—they were allowed to hunt lions. And if a Templar was taken prisoner by the Saracens he was not to be ransomed, like a secular knight or noble; the funds of the Order must be reserved exclusively for the service of God. Yet there is no instance on record—and this is a very significant fact, in view of the preposterous charges afterwards brought against them—of a captive Templar saving his life by apostasy.

In his second paper Mr. Froude traces the growth and aggrandizement of the Order, and their possible defection—though of this there is little trustworthy evidence—from their primitive fervour and purity; of deep and widespread corruption there is no shadow of proof; "they are hardly ever accused of being false to their vows." But there is evidence of the jealousy sure to be provoked among their rivals by the many special exemptions and privileges successive Popes bestowed upon them as time went on. Here, by-the-bye, Mr. Froude goes entirely out of his way to plunge into an exceedingly characteristic blunder. He speaks of the Interdict as "a horrible curse" which was "the bishop's universal weapon, the instrument of his power, the unfailing fountain of his revenue," &c. &c. which bishops habitually abused for their own selfish ends on the slenderest pretext. Interdict however was not "the bishop's weapon" at all, for the sentence could only be pronounced by the Pope. We are further told *inter alia* that when a country was under an interdict, "the young could not get married, the sick could not be absolved," but were left to die in their sins. Mr. Froude cannot be expected to know much about canon law and the gradual relaxations introduced into the working of the interdict before the close of the twelfth century. But he might have learnt from no more recondite authority than Lingard that, in its earliest and strictest shape, it permitted the baptism of infants and the administration of the last sacraments to the dying, as also marriage and the chuching of women, only that these rites were performed at the church door instead of inside. The Templars were accused, probably with reason, of arrogance, and, certainly with reason, of being—what the Jesuits have since become in a somewhat different manner—"the Pope's janissaries." And both circumstances conspired to render them formidable, and therefore obnoxious, as well to churchmen as to civil governments:—

The kings in Europe intended to be sovereign, each in his own dominions. The Templars were, or might be, in the way. They had vast revenues, which, now that the war in the East was over, they would be free to use for other aims and ambitions. The national bishops and clergy resented their arrogance, and were jealous of their immunities. In some way or other the kings would find it necessary to suppress them. But it was no easy task. They were brave, they were noble; as soldiers they were the best organized in Europe. They were careless of death, and as long as they had the popes at their back it was quite certain that they would not fall without a struggle, while the popes could not in honour consent to the abolition of an order whose only crime was too great fidelity to the Holy See. It was accomplished by making the Templars the victims of an extraordinary accusation, which was intended to render them odious to mankind, and the story is one of the most curious in mediæval history.

All this is true, and may to a certain extent help to explain the fearful tragedy which closed their career at the end of two centuries. But the real explanation is a simpler and more discreditable one, which Mr. Froude not obscurely intimates—it is in truth too obvious to admit of plausible mistake—but he seems unwilling to state it with the direct and incisive plainness of speech which is demanded by historic truth, though he tells the hideous tale of how they were libelled, betrayed, tortured, massacred, and the Order utterly destroyed, in much detail with his usual graphic force. Mr. Lecky has compressed the rationale of the story into a single sentence, when he says that "the Templars were accused of sorcery, when Philip the Beautiful wished to confiscate their property." In much the same way Milman says that "all contemporary history, and that history which is nearest the times, pronounce in plain unequivocal terms the avarice of Philip the Fair as the sole cause of the unrighteous condemnation of the Templars." And he states with similar clearness the part played in the matter by Clement V. "If," said the Pope, "the Order cannot be destroyed by the way of justice, let it be destroyed by the way of expediency, lest we offend our dear son the King of France." And this is just the opinion pronounced by perhaps the greatest living authority on ecclesiastical history, Dr. Dollinger, who says that the plot was concocted by the French jurists, in order to fill the royal ex-



chequer, carried out—unquestionably with a full knowledge of the falseness of the charges alleged—by order of the King, and sanctioned by the Pope, who may just conceivably have been less fully cognisant of the true state of the case, because he did not wish to know. That the monstrous indictment was wholly unproved he cannot possibly have been ignorant. And the items of this indictment are thus summed up by Mr. Froude:—

1. Every Templar on his admission to the order swore to defend it for his life long, in all causes, just or unjust without exception.
2. The chiefs of the order corresponded with the Saracens, and were more like Mahometans than Christians. The Novices were required to spit upon the Cross, and trample on it, and deny Christ.
3. Any one suspected of intending to betray the secrets of the order was murdered and secretly buried.
4. The Templars despised the sacraments. They worshipped idols, and were heretics.
5. They committed unnatural crimes. Their houses were nests of vice and profligacy.
6. They betrayed the Holy Land, and lived without fear of God.

It will perhaps be asked how, if this be so, the guilt or innocence of the Templars should ever have been regarded as an open question. But, as Milman points out, there were from the first two powerful influences at work to darken counsel on the subject. The great legists of the French monarchy were at pains to save their royal masters—and, we may add, themselves—from the stigma of such atrocious iniquity, and “the archives were entirely in the power of these legists.” On the other hand ecclesiastical writers were anxious to “rescue Clement V. from the guilt of the unjust persecution, spoliation, and abolition of an Order to which Christendom owed so deep a debt of honour and gratitude.” When he goes on to talk about “papal infallibility,” as Froude talks in the same connexion about “the poor infallible Pope,” they are of course both talking nonsense. Certainly it is no business of ours to vindicate the Vatican dogma, but nothing is ever gained in the long run for the interests of truth by assailing doctrines, however objectionable, with arguments demonstrably untenable; and the extremest ultramontane divine would not venture to affirm that Popes—or Councils either for that matter—are infallible in their disciplinary government of the Church, but only in dogmatic definitions. And the creation or suppression of religious Order belongs to discipline, not doctrine. Mr. Froude again goes out of his way, with equal infelicity, to air another pet crotchet, when he urges on his Presbyterian audience that they had “found no great reason to love bishops before, and the story of the Templars does not increase our affection for them”—which reminds one of certain recent utterances of a distinguished statesman about the conduct of the aristocracy, the clergy, “the professions,” and “the classes” generally. The bishops, as a class, had about as much to do with the destruction of the Templars as Mr. Froude himself. The French King, his jurists, and the Pope must share the credit of the transaction between them. The bishops took no active part in the affair anywhere but in France, and in France only a few of them, who had personal motives for acting as they did, notably the Archbishop of Sens, on whose atrocious conduct Mr. Froude is not unduly severe; but he omits to tell his readers that Philip de Marignan had only just been promoted by the King to his Archbishopric, in some ways the most important in France—for Paris was then a Suffragan See in the province of Sens—probably on an understanding that he was to do the King’s dirty work for him when there. His conduct was abominable, but it affords no pretext whatever for a sweeping indictment against “the bishops” of the Christian world generally, as “taking on themselves the responsibility of the King’s action.” They did nothing of the kind. The horrible story of the persecution we must leave our readers to study for themselves, if they please, in Mr. Froude’s pages. Most of them have some idea of the sort of treatment accorded at a later day by the Spanish Inquisition to heretics, and especially to relapsed heretics. The methods of torture, trickery, intimidation, and barbarous execution practised on the Templars were still more cruel and iniquitous even than the treatment of Protestants and Jews by the Inquisition; and that is enough.

#### THE THEATRES.

A NEW play must, indeed, have a genuine fund of interest to contend against the many disturbing influences of a hurriedly organized matinée performance, and the piece *Knight against Rook*, by Mr. Owen Dove and Mr. J. G. Lefebvre, produced on Friday at the Gaiety, had more than a fair share of drawbacks in the way of inadequate rehearsals and an ill-allotted caste. Still the story it had to tell was so good, and the construction of the scenes so adroit, that the interest, both grave and gay, was sustained to the end. The four acts of this comedy show how a gang of cardsharps, having gained the intimacy of a Lord and Lady Castleton, are engaged on the work of ruin and blackmail, and how Sir Rupert Alsager, an old friend, saves the Castletons from disgrace, by checkmating the manoeuvres of the adventurers and at last bringing them to book. It is in the treatment of this not very new situation that the merit of the play consists, the authors throughout showing great aptitude for characterization, natural dialogue, and humorous combination. In fact, *Knight against Rook* wants little more than a well-trained company to make it a success. Not that the acting on this first occasion was by any means bad. It was easy, not lacking in point, but few of those concerned knew their parts; so that an air of slowness was

given to action which was in reality the opposite of slow. Mr. Eric Lewis acted the part of Lord Castleton with ease, and Mr. Macklin, as Sir Rupert Alsager, played well; while Mr. Morton Selten, as a lipping lordling, and Mr. Henley and Mr. Purdon, as the villains, were admirable. The ladies, with the exception of Miss Grace Huntley and Miss Helen Leyton, were less successful.

#### REVIEWS.

##### BAUMGARTEN’S CHARLES V.\*

INASMUCH as the first volume of this new *History of Charles V.* reaches no later limit than the summer of 1521, the feeling of disappointment with which we cannot but confess to have laid down the book may perhaps be regarded as more or less premature. The political genius of Charles V. was of a peculiarly slow growth; it is only in Victor Hugo’s play that the young King’s resolution of using his own wings is arrived at in the course of a single soliloquy. Indeed, the volume before us hardly extends beyond the death of Chièvres, who might almost be described as its central figure, since from his authoritative influence Charles never emancipated himself, although, characteristically enough, the few weeks during which the Minister lay on his sick-bed are described by a contemporary as having sufficed to extinguish his power. Nevertheless, after reading Professor Baumgarten’s first volume, we can no longer profess to cherish any very confident hope that another standard work on the subject chosen by him is in course of being added to historical literature. The expectations of the judicious are not raised *jeden Wochentag* by the announcements of the German University book market; but a short History (in not more than three or four volumes) of Charles V. by a pre-eminently well-qualified hand seemed likely enough really to supply a real need. The subject, as Professor Baumgarten very truly observes in his preface, had long been inviting a treatment, at the same time broad and thorough, by a competent hand. No recent historian had hitherto effectually essayed to use the extraordinary accumulation of materials unknown to Robertson in a spirit as comprehensive and according to a method as lucid as his. Student after student and writer upon writer had been gathering and gleaning and sifting and stacking, but in the way of constructive or reconstructive effort little had shown itself beyond a few *specimina sationis*, such as those by Prescott and Sir William Stirling-Maxwell concerning the Emperor’s life after his abdication. Nor, one might have thought, would the distinguished historian who so clearly perceived and so judiciously seized the opportunity have proved unequal to it. Although Lord Acton, in his recent bird’s-eye view of modern German historical scholarship, had not even an epithet to spare for the Strassburg professor who a year or two since dared to measure his sword with the “gleaming” weapon of the redoubtable Treitschke himself, Herr Baumgarten is beyond a doubt one of the best-equipped of living German historians; and, while he cannot be accused of the pedantry which smells of the lamp, he is as commendably free from the airs and graces affected by those historical authors who are fond of facing the footlights. His *History of Spain from the Outbreak of the French Revolution*, forming part of Hirzel’s admirable series of modern political histories, and published, as he reminds us, as many as twenty years ago, may challenge comparison with any of the companion works. Its style is without the vivid colouring for which Treitschke’s readers never look in vain; it makes no elaborate display of redundant learning, like Bernhardi’s much-disputed work; nor is it flavoured by any of the bitterness which seemed latterly becoming habitual to Pauli. But it has the freshness as well as the solidity belonging to a book of real originality, and must impress as an effective narrative even those unable to recognize in it the qualities from which it derives its most solid value.

In his *History of Charles V.*, on the other hand—a work obviously intended to observe a judicious mean between opposite kinds of historical writing—Professor Baumgarten seems after all likely to find the mass of his materials unmanageable. This is the more to be regretted because in his remarkably modest as well as judicious preface he has so well defined the nature of the task which he has proposed to himself to accomplish. How often, in these columns as well as elsewhere, has expression been given to the conviction which he avows, that the true object of historical composition is not the better instruction of historical specialists! The constant danger, which recent experience has shown to be as great in Germany as it can be in England or America, threatening the public from specious pretenders and unscrupulous partisans must not blind us to the converse peril, bred from the very desire for thoroughness and from the continuous growth of historical materials. Unless from time to time the account is cast up in reference to great historical questions, and to periods or characters of special importance, and unless results are established in such a way as to put an end to further controversy with regard to them, their labour is but in vain who collect and calendar and criticize. The materials for the history of Charles V. are still, as Professor Baumgarten briefly shows, very far from complete. With the exception of our *Calendars of State Papers*, to which he pays a handsome but well-deserved compliment, and the Swiss collections

\* *Geschichte Karls V.* Von Hermann Baumgarten. I. Band. Stuttgart.

of federal *Abchiede* and other documents, he cannot even point to any national series of historical publications distinctly aiming at completeness. We are surprised by the way that, though he acknowledges aid received at the Brussels Record Office, he should not have made more pointed reference to the labours of its late eminent head, M. Gachard. On the difficulty of taking advantage of the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale he dwells with particular emphasis; but he has himself added some fresh materials to the history of Charles V. from this source in the shape of extracts from the unpublished correspondence of Count Carpi. The Simancas archives are from their locality virtually inaccessible to scholars unprepared to risk a good deal besides expenditure of time and labour in the prosecution of their researches; and the Vatican must not be expected to be communicative at high-pressure rate. Already Professor Baumgarten's critics are obligingly directing his attention to other archives—at Lille, for instance, and at Vienna. But we venture to think that he judged rightly in holding the time to have arrived when a narrative of the life of Charles V., based in the main upon documentary evidence already before the world, might meet with a wide welcome. If, however, his own attempt, so far as he has at present carried it, must in our judgment be considered to have fallen short of success, this result is due neither to imperfect knowledge nor to narrowness of method; still less, we need hardly say, to any want of clearness and candour. In the present volume, in particular, of which the scene largely lies beyond the Pyrenees, we are made sensible of the author's peculiar qualifications for his task; even in matters of detail he shows that intimate appreciation of things Spanish without which few passages of Spanish history remain free from obscurities, because few have failed to admit into themselves some element of rhetoric. The chapter headed "Machiavelli and Luther" may, on the other hand, serve as an illustration of the breadth of treatment of which the author is capable, and of the clearness with which he can demonstrate in brief so important a proposition (by no means a self-evident one) as that of the impossibility of a co-operation between Charles V. and the Reformation. Clearness and candour are distinctive characteristics of Professor Baumgarten; and they cannot be said to desert him in this volume, even when he seems almost losing himself in the folds upon folds of Papal diplomacy. In the end we perceive clearly enough, as we were distinctly apprised towards the beginning, that there is, after all, a simpler key to the policy of Leo X. than is sometimes thought, and that the name of this key is Ferrara. It was the possession of Ferrara upon which for many years the Pope's heart was set, and it was the ultimate refusal of Francis I. to help him to it which, after all, made Leo promise his friendship to the Emperor in the treaty of May 29, 1521, noted at the close of the present volume. What is really wanting in this History is the solidity of workmanship which should distinguish the finished edifice from the temporary portal. The author has not taken the trouble to recast his subject as a whole; he has either disliked or disdained to treat his materials in a genuinely narrative form; and he has, designedly or otherwise, failed to infuse anything like life into the characters whose influence upon the course of events it is his business to trace. We shall not be suspected of desiderating in every historian the picturesqueness of Motley or the colour-contrasts of Michelet; but in this Life of Charles V. the figure of his tutor, Adrian of Utrecht, remains a mere shadow, and that of his unfortunate mother little more than a name. Unless, therefore, Professor Baumgarten should find it possible to alter his method, and give to the later volumes of his book a firmness of texture which the first cannot be said to possess, we fear that his hope will fail him of writing an enduring political history of a monarch whose influence upon the destinies of the world he has not, in our opinion, overrated. Should his work come to be regarded as merely a critical essay, of great learning and acumen, upon the politics of the reign of Charles V., so far as the present state of historical inquiry has thrown light upon them, we shall probably not stand alone in regretting that he should have confined himself to the limits on which he has determined. In any event, a writer of his ability rarely labours in vain; nor is it with any such apprehension that we have expressed our regret that he should seem unlikely to achieve what neither Brewer nor Mignet even attempted to accomplish.

What this volume tells us of Charles V. concerns, as we have said, only the years which preceded the outbreak of his first war with his French rival. In the Charles of these early years we catch at the most isolated glimpses of his later self. Already in the next period he will be found forming that conception of a universal monarchy which was undoubtedly present to his mind, in full sympathy with the wishes of the Spanish people, whose goodwill he had at last gained, and with those of Adrian VI., who had had every opportunity for penetrating into his mind. Professor Baumgarten dismisses the youth and education of his hero with almost contemptuous brevity; not altogether without reason, since we know so little of either that is worth knowing. Even when Charles was in the sixteenth year of his age, and had for some months assumed the government of the Netherlands, a correspondent of Wolsey writes that "he is led by his councillors like a child"; and the ascendancy thus established lasted till the death of the foremost of these councillors, six years afterwards. The father of Charles had died in 1506; of maternal influence there could, of course, be no question, whatever view be taken of the unhappy Joanna's history; and to female influences of a different kind the youth seems to have been insensible till he had well crossed the threshold of manhood. A reserve, hardly to

be distinguished from perfect docility, would really appear to have been the sole noticeable characteristic in Charles both before and during his first sojourn in Spain—a sojourn leaving behind it few happy memories for either prince or people. In such times and under such circumstances it would indeed have been difficult for a prince to have a will of his own who must, as a rule, have been in the dark as to the secret springs of the political manoeuvres on which his advisers were intent—manoeuvres so complicated and often so contradictory to one another that Charles is reckoned to have been made to enter into not less than ten different matrimonial engagements previously to the date of his actual marriage (1525). Already, before Charles obtained the Imperial crown, the difficulty had pressed upon his counsels, which, though a direct result of the grandeur of his position, was, in one form or another, as Baumgarten points out, to constitute one of the chief difficulties of his public life. "To the union under his sceptre of lands utterly different from one another he owed the exceptional position which enabled him to attempt to determine the course of affairs; and yet it was precisely this combination of discordant forces which let and hindered his action at every step." Born in the Netherlands, he was brought up under the influence of French ideas and ways of life, one of his grandfathers, Ferdinand of Aragon, being anxious to keep him at as great a distance as possible, while the courtiers around him were equally anxious to prevent him from following the adventurous devices of his other grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian. When by Ferdinand's death Charles had become virtually master of Spain, the efforts of his Flemish counsellors were still directed to keeping him on good terms with France; and a determined conflict opened at his Court between the Flemish and the Spanish party. Ultimately—in the summer of 1517—it became necessary for him to betake himself to Spain, where the energy of Cardinal Ximenez had made his accession to complete sovereign power a certainty, but where Ximenez himself intended him to be a national sovereign, and therefore an adversary of everything French. The result was that the overthrow of the ascendancy of Ximenez would probably have become the primary object of the intrigues of Chièvres and Sauvage, had not the death of the great Cardinal in November relieved them from their worst fears, and enabled them to begin their jobbing with the spoils of his own archbishopric. In the several Spanish kingdoms the greed of the Flemings and the apparent apathy of Charles himself called forth angry protests; on the other hand, as Baumgarten shows, in what is certainly one of the most interesting chapters of this volume, there was enough in the condition of these kingdoms, of which the rule of Ferdinand and Isabella had by no means transformed the essential characteristics, to excite astonishment and repugnance in the strangers. The death of Maximilian early in 1519 imposed upon Charles that opposition to France which Chièvres had so anxiously striven to avoid, and Spain had to pay the cost of the struggle. The success of Charles, gained in the teeth of a Papal policy which coolly ignored the most obvious interests of the Church, is not surprising when it is remembered with whom the decision really lay, and what considerations, as Baumgarten shows, must above all have weighed with the Electors. Francis I. thought to carry the day by impressing these German princes with a sense of his power, wealth, and personal pre-eminence; the agents of Charles dwelt upon his intention to respect the liberty of the German nation in matters spiritual and temporal; and what was known of his character, or rather the fact that so little was known concerning it, pointed to the probability of a rule which might be looked forward to without apprehensions. In addition, the enthusiasm of the German Renaissance was still at its height; and who that had admired Maximilian and shared in the patriotic ideas and aspirations of his reign could bear to see his crown pass, not to the "noble young blood," as Luther called it, of his grandson, but to the Frenchman, the friend of Rome? Without attaching any undue importance to the over-coloured despatches of Pace, one is driven to the conclusion that the chances of Francis in the election were only for a short time serious. The bubble as to Henry's chances no longer requires pricking.

As is well known, more than a year passed after the Emperor's election before he set foot on German soil. It was high time that he should come when he came; but it had been necessary to obtain a sufficient supply of money in Spain, though the constitutional difficulties provoked by the process had to be left behind to settle themselves. The regent whom he appointed for Castile—the loyal realm that traditionally could not exist without its king—was his tutor, now Cardinal Adrian; but though such an appointment could not but wound patriotic susceptibilities, it was a graver mistake that the regent was at the critical moment left without the powers for doing what he himself declared to be necessary, and thus remained impotent against the great insurrection which broke out in the Emperor's absence. Of this famous episode in the history of Charles V. Professor Baumgarten seems not to have thought it consistent with the plan of his work to give a connected narrative, or even a fairly complete sketch. We confess that we could have better spared the perhaps more necessary account of the negotiations and interviews of the summer of 1520, of which Wolsey is the real hero. He plays, however, a less imposing part in this volume than in the *Introductions* of the late Mr. Brewer, which form the most elaborate monuments of the great prelate's statesmanship. Professor Baumgarten shows that Wolsey not only received a pension from France, but was in March 1520 presented by Charles to the



bishopric of Badajoz, producing an annual revenue of 5,000 ducats, besides being assigned 2,000 ducats a year more on the revenues of the see of Palencia. Although, he adds, this grant can hardly have exercised an influence upon the arrangement concluded on April 11 of that year (according to which Charles was to pay a visit in Kent to Henry before the projected meeting between the latter and Francis on the French frontier), yet it did not fail beneficially to affect the subsequent conduct of England. Wolsey was, of course, a child of his times; and in a later passage of this volume the author appropriately pauses to reflect on the general corruptibility of their statesmen. He points his moral by an anecdote concerning the dealings between the Signiory and Chièvres, who was in receipt of extremely handsome *douceurs* from the most opposite quarters of the political compass. According to Peter Martyr, the Duchess of Chièvres was as clever in the art of appropriation as her husband, and prepared to swallow the whole of Portugal if she had a chance. Too much importance must, of course, not be attached to such "paragraphs"; but the motives of an extremely able, though distinctly second-rate, Minister become of consequence in the period of a sovereign's actual or virtual tutelage.

In some at least of the affairs which awaited Charles V. at the Diet of Worms in 1521 the guidance of Chièvres was unnecessary to the Emperor, because there is no reason to suppose him to have ever hesitated as to the attitude which he would take up on the religious question. Professor Baumgarten not only, as already observed, agrees with all competent historians that an adoption of Luther's point of view by the Emperor was antecedently impossible, but goes so far as to doubt whether the latter even understood the long Latin address delivered by Luther at the Diet with the object of explaining his views to the Emperor and his foreign counsellors. "And if he had understood it, it would have made no impression on him. Two worlds came into contact here, which could not but remain unintelligible to one another." Certainly such is the impression conveyed by the declaration read to the Diet two days afterwards, which the Emperor had written with his own hand in French before it was translated into German. This is, curiously enough, the earliest document extant which we know to be Charles V.'s own composition. To what extent either this declaration or the demands of the Emperor in the debates which arose at the same Diet on the subject of the political government of the Empire took by surprise the Electors who had expected so much from the docility of Charles, can only be conjectured. The Edict of Worms, at all events, which was signed by the Emperor on May 26th, and dated eighteen days earlier, was a trick suggesting very palpably that it was thought desirable to effect the most startling surprise of all behind the backs of not a few of those whom it concerned. It is, by the way, worth mentioning that the victory at Villalar which crushed the *comunidades* of Castile was not known at Worms in time to influence the conduct of the Emperor.

We notice that exception has been taken to Professor Baumgarten's view as to the date at which the Papal Government began to attach importance to the proceedings of Luther, and which he inclines to place as late as the beginning of 1520. But we have left ourselves no space to enter into this interesting question, or to do more than direct attention to the theory indicated in the same chapter of this volume, and developed in a separate appendix, which seems to us to furnish a satisfactory explanation of the moral contradiction between the general tone of the *Principe* and its patriotic "tag."

#### FOUR SHILLINGS' WORTH.\*

THERE is an American story of a juror in a trial for murder in one of the backwoods settlements of the Far West. Great difficulty had been experienced in getting a jury; eleven jurors had at last been sworn in; and there remained only one man of the panel. He was a small, lean, lank fellow, with a shrewd face and an uncouth demeanour; and his apparel seemed to show that never before had he been within sight or sound of civilization. He was asked the usual questions as to whether he had formed any opinions about the case, whether he had any prejudice against the prisoner, or whether he was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment. To all these questions he returned a decided negative. The judge and the counsel for the prosecution and for the defence did not any of them specially like the man's manner; but it was late, and jurors were scarce, and so he was accepted. In accordance with an old form surviving strangely in out-of-the-way places, he was set before the alleged murderer, and the judge said:—"Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look on the juror." When this command was given, the little man leaped forward and scanned the culprit carefully from head to foot for some moments; then he raised his head, and turned to the judge and said, in a firm and solemn voice, "Yes, judge, I think he is guilty!" We have been reminded of this tale of rough-and-ready justice (perhaps not so far out as one might think at first sight) by the cover and the dedication of Mr. John Lathey's *River of Life*. When we see a gaudy picture on the cover

of a story-book representing a boat with an unmistakable villain in the bow plunging down a weir, while the pursuer gallops along the shore in the moonlight, and when we find that this story of London life is inscribed to "Augustus Harris, Esq.," "with the Author's Admiration of his Dramatic Genius," we are inclined to render our verdict without waiting to hear the evidence, and to say, in a firm and solemn voice, "Yes, judge, I think he is guilty." And when we have read the story carefully, we are compelled to declare that first impressions and second thoughts agree exactly. *The River of Life* is a very ordinary tale of a tawdry type, wholly devoid of literary merit, and to be praised only for a certain sort of "go" or "rush." It is a book which has apparently been written in a hurry, and which can certainly be read in a hurry. It is lacking not only in character, passion, power, wit, and humour, but also in symmetry and unity of story and in originality and ingenuity of incident. There is a full-bodied, full-blooded plot, with a villain of the deepest dye, and a re-incarnation of the omniscient and ubiquitous detective, who is not quite as big a fool as the villain he pursues. There is a charming young lady, who says, "Why, whatever's amiss with you this morning?" and who goes on the stage suddenly and successfully. There is a race on the river and a scene at the Pandemonium Theatre, and a rehearsal at the Royal Thespian, and a ball in Mayfair, and a ride in Rotten Row, "and what is more is more than man may know." But there is neither style nor constructive skill, nor insight into character. The book is nothing but leaves, which had been better filled, as Orlando might say, had they been left blank.

Miss Warden's *Doris's Fortune* is also a story of London life and of the river, but it is a book of another sort altogether. No reader of *The House on the Marsh* would be likely to think that its author would ever take high rank among the writers of real literature, but the change from *The River of Life* to *Doris's Fortune* is one of kind rather than of degree. Miss Warden at least knows what a story is, and she understands what construction is, and she does not buy her characters ready-made, a penny plain and twopenny coloured. The story which she has chosen to tell in *Doris's Fortune* is as different as possible from the story she told in *The House on the Marsh*. That was a tale of eerie mystery, and this is a novel of fashionable society. In fact, the first fault we should find with *Doris's Fortune* is that it is not a shillingsworth of the strictest sort, as was *The House on the Marsh*. It is merely the ordinary three-volume novel of society; very like the other novels of society which the great English novel-making machine turns out yearly by the dozen and the gross. The difference between a novel in three volumes at three half-guineas and a tale in one volume at a shilling ought to be a difference of kind as well as of size; and this new story of Miss Warden's differs from its three-volumed brothers only in so far as it is briefer than they are, and brisker also, we may add. *Doris's Fortune* is brightly written; it does not bristle with weighty epigram, but it sparkles at times with a pleasant feminine wit. The dialogue is often clever. The two comedy characters, Papillon and Hilda, are both lightly and brightly sketched. Gussy, the juvenile lead, is only a woman's man, and so, we are afraid, is Glyn, the leading man. The conduct of the story is careful, and the tale is well told. Its chief defect is it was not worth telling. *Doris's Fortune* is a French novel in English; it is a story of intrigue and misalliance. Where a Frenchman would have pushed the situation to the inevitable end, Miss Warden is ladylike in keeping it within the bounds of decorum. Therefore there is feebleness in the development of character and in the circumstances over which characters should dominate. Because the story is made perfectly proper, it is artistically immoral—since it leads the thoughtless reader to believe that he can drive a four-in-hand straight at the cliff and pull up safe on the very verge of the precipice. To say this is, of course, to say that the book is as unwholesome in tone as it is wholly untrue to life. One is inclined to doubt whether Doris would ever have loved Glyn, and whether, having loved him, she would not have recovered easily when she discovered his perfidy. In like manner, one may deny absolutely that Gussy, having been as wildly in love with Doris as he was, would ever have turned about in the twinkling of an eye and married another woman.

*Dear Life* is a far better representative of the ideal shillingsworth than either *Doris's Fortune* or *The River of Life*. It is not a tale of any great originality or power or literary quality, but it has a good, strong story, well worked out and told in straightforward fashion. The fundamental idea of Mrs. Pantou's plot is novel. In many a serial story is there a man or a woman mourned as dead, who rises from the grave and reappears in the nick of time either to play the devil, or to take the part of *deus ex machina*, but we have not hitherto been introduced to the young and beautiful English wife who is taken prisoner during the Mutiny, and who then, more or less willingly, enters the zenana of a native prince long covetous of her. This is the chief character of Mrs. Pantou's *Dear Life*. This is Katharine, Lady Manners, who returns from India on the morning of her husband's funeral, twenty years after the dark days of the Mutiny. Just what she does after she is back again in England, and why she had brought with her the Rajah's ring, and who it was who had another ring very like it, and how this ring brought good luck, and when it was that it was recovered by the Rajah's son, and under what painful circumstances, it is not for us to say. To those who like the story of incident we may recommend the reading of *Dear Life*; it is not the best tale of the kind we ever held in our hands,

\* *The River of Life: a London Romance*. By John Lathey, junr., Author of "Love Clouds." London: "Fun" Office.

*Doris's Fortune*. By the Author of "The House on the Marsh." London: W. Stevens.

*Dear Life*. By J. E. Pantou. Arrowsmith's Bristol Library. Vol. XV. *The Last of the Dacres*. By Evelyn Everett-Green, Author of "Torwood's Trust." London: Warne & Co.

but it will serve. We may note that the end of the story is not wholly unlike the end of *The Moonstone*—perhaps the best of Mr. Wilkie Collins's novels. We may note, also, that Claude tells his father, Lord Buchanan, on p. 62, that Beatrice Percivale would make an ideal Countess, while on p. 81 he declares that his father would never stoop to marry a woman whose mother was "supposed to have been a black or something equally horrible." In the one place the son seems to approve of the match, and in the other he is strongly opposed to it. Lord Buchanan it is who, speaking of anonymous letters, declares that he never reads "those sort of epistles"; Miss Percivale it is who says that "the other ring is set in gold instead of being, like mine is, band and all cut out of the stone"; and it is the author herself who writes that the missionary closed the door carefully "before he had become acquainted with the *personelle* of his visitor." But these are trifles, and to dwell on them at length would be hypercritical.

*The Last of the Dacres* is like *Dear Life* in that it is a genuine shillingsworth, and not a three-volume novel cut down. And, as becomes a genuine shillingsworth, it has a full share of mystery and superstition. It is with great pleasure that we make the acquaintance of the last of the Dacres, a most charming young man, but we hear of his ancestors with even greater pleasure. These ancestors had been dreaded far and wide for many a generation; but one of them was the worst of a bad lot, for he pillaged a monastery and desecrated the chapel, and tied the monks two by two and threw them from the cliff into the sea. The abbot knew his duty, and just before he was made to walk the plank he pronounced a long and terrible curse upon the house of the Dacres. This curse, as was most proper, got itself into rhyme, in which form it was handed down through the ages:—

When a Dacre dies as a son is born;  
When a Dacre dies ere he can mourn;  
When a Dacre lives, and is fair to see—  
The last of the Dacres he shall be.

When the last of the Dacres great wealth doth win;  
When the boat goes out as the tide comes in;  
When the boat returns as the moon rides high—  
Then the house of the Dacres is gone for aye.

Of course there is also a Banshee, which announces coming misfortune, and which only Dacres can hear. All things considered, the Dacres were thoroughly well equipped for service in a shillingsworth; and if some of their "business" and if a few of their "properties" remind the reader of the pleasant details of Mr. Lang's delightful interview with a family ghost in *Castle Dangerous*, the reader must not let little things like this mar his enjoyment of a well-planned tale, which would be more agreeable reading if it were not that it is written in the first person and in the present tense. Miss, or Mrs., Evelyn Everett-Green has adopted the historic present, which may be of use sometimes in relieving the dullness of a long chronicle, but which is only vexation of spirit and a weariness to the flesh in a short tale. We should be glad if some one would explain why the use of the present tense is so irritating in a novel, and why it is that the use of the first person is an aggravation of the original offence. But, for all this, *The Last of the Dacres* is quite the best of the shillingsworths before us, and it is cleverly put together and enlivened by a few touches of real human nature.

#### THE LIFE OF W. LLOYD GARRISON.\*

THIS book is in every way disappointing, after all allowance is made for its authorship. Children can seldom be truthful or candid biographers of a father; it would be hardly decent that they should note his errors and their consequences, it is hardly possible that they should do justice to his opponents. Rare exceptions to the general rule are of course fresh in our memory as in our readers'. But of a public character, and, above all, of a life of incessant and bitter controversy, no child is likely to take, much less to give, a fair, rational, or agreeable account. We did not, then, expect an impartial, a clear-sighted, or even a candid work. It was sure to be the apology of an extreme and fanatical partisan written by thoroughgoing panegyrist. But it might have been a valuable contribution to the records of the anti-slavery agitation; a one-sided but essential view of the greatest political and military conflict of the last half-century, a useful addition to the materials of the yet unwritten History of the United States. It is only another reminder how urgently that History needs to be written; and written by others than ultra-Unionists and fanatical Abolitionists like Professor Draper and Horace Greeley.

Born in 1804 or 1805—for he seems to have been uncertain about his own age—Garrison received a very imperfect education, of which the most serious consequence was that he never learnt the respect for concrete truth, the habit of looking at facts or for them, and the power of distinguishing abuse from argument, which anything like thorough study insensibly teaches. He began his career as a printer in Baltimore, the chief city of the slave State of Maryland. There, soon after coming of age, he started an anti-slavery paper, and conducted it for a year in perfect security before a fine of fifty dollars for a libel on two Northern gentlemen, which he could not or would not pay, sent him to prison for a short time. In England a calumny so gross, so

utterly false in all the material facts, and couched in language so studiously offensive, would have incurred a much heavier penalty. With a conscientious respect for the instruction "When persecuted in one city to flee into another," which accounts in great measure for his impunity in seasons of excitement, he left Maryland, and finally established the *Liberator* in Boston. It never paid; and Garrison subsisted for the greater part of his life on the subscriptions of enthusiastic Abolitionists, whose fervour had at first to be stimulated by occasional threats of giving up the paper.

From first to last Garrison's language was abusive in the extreme. There was something in this ill consistent with his loud professions of Christian charity. His ribaldry provoked the repeated and earnest protests of all the more respectable Abolitionists; of all, it would seem, but a few strong-minded women and professional lecturers, who found invective draw larger audiences than argument. On argument Garrison seldom ventured. "Coward, liar, ruffian, murderer, man-stealer"—such and similar were the reasonings he addressed to the consciences, not only of the gentlemen of the South, but of every one who presumed to differ with him. He lived in perpetual brawl and quarrel, quite as often with recalcitrant allies or mutinous followers as with political enemies. Towards the latter he had simply no sense either of justice or of decency. His demand from the first was for "immediate and uncompensated emancipation"—i.e. wholesale robbery. He said, with truth, that slavery was wrong and iniquitous *per se*. He was doubtless too ignorant and too heedless to see that this had no bearing on the question; that when the State desires to clear its conscience it must do so at its own expense; that to confiscate property in which the law has encouraged men to invest their money—whether that property be human beings, Irish land, French mines, or London shops—is a national breach of the Eighth Commandment. But the first answer to his demand must have exposed his error; the example of England in 1833 stamped his scheme as theft no less distinctly than it stamped slavery as intolerable to the conscience of the foremost nations of the world. But Garrison never changed his ground; never pretended to meet the adverse case. Either, then, he was incapable of reasoning, or he was indifferent to justice and truth. The intolerance of which he bitterly complained was almost entirely of his own creation. Down to 1830 it was possible to publish a rabid anti-slavery paper in Baltimore, and to discuss, with very fair prospects of success, a scheme of gradual emancipation in the Legislature of Virginia. In seven or eight years it had become impossible to touch the question of slavery within the limits of the slave States. This was Garrison's work. He professed, indeed, to discountenance slave insurrection; but it was only in the tone in which, before the treaty of Kilmainham, the Irish Land League discouraged assassination. The mails sent to the Southern States were filled with incendiary publications, intended for sale at nominal prices or for gratuitous distribution; and the Abolitionists were furious because the Government refused to disseminate instigations to the most hideous form of insurrection at the national expense. They denied that they had attempted to send their publications among the slaves. If not, for whom were the bales of *Liberators*, *Emancipators*, and other similar sheets intended? The whites were unanimous in excluding them. Who was injured by their destruction? The answer to these and similar questions was given by isolated outbreaks, ending in the butchery of white women and children, the burning of their homes, and the punishment of the murderers. If it be true that one Southern Government offered a reward for the capture of Garrison on Northern soil, the offer was clearly unjustifiable. But it is less clear that, if caught within the boundaries of a slave State, he might not have been justly brought to trial, if ever orators may justly be held responsible for the deeds of the mob they hounded on to crime. That the slaves had a moral right to rebel and win their freedom by the strong hand, only a "non-resistant" can dispute. That a foreigner might be justified in aiding them is at least arguable. But a Northerner who should do so was unquestionably a traitor; and a Northerner who knew, as Garrison did, that slave revolts meant, not serious efforts at emancipation, but local saturnalia of murder and outrage, incurred no common guilt in underhand endeavours to excite discontent and turbulence among a race so ignorant and so inflammable.

The disgust and indignation at first excited by the Abolitionists in the North-Eastern States, and even in Boston itself, was largely, if not solely, due to the manner and method of the agitation, to the violence and intemperance of Garrison's language, and the ostentatious consistency of his conduct. It was a fundamental postulate of his creed that the negro was, intellectually and morally, the equal of the white man. He never doubted, and never cared to inquire, whether this postulate were true or false. Hayti and Jamaica have proved that it was radically and absurdly untrue; the instincts of the English race, beyond all others, imperiously reject it. Above all, no man or woman of English blood, not hardened by fanaticism against reason and instinct alike, will endure the association of negroes, male or female, with white women. When Prudence Crandall introduced a coloured girl among her white pupils, when white women of the strong-minded sort appeared on the platform in intimate proximity with blacks and paraded the streets hanging on negro arms, the feelings of the North were at least as grossly outraged as those of the South. The outrage thus done to public feeling and morality seems to have been the provocation which brought down the wrath of "respectable" mobs upon the agitators, which closed

\* W. Lloyd Garrison, 1805-1879: the Story of his Life told by his Children. Vols. I. & II. London: T. Fisher Unwin.



Miss Crandall's school, broke up Abolitionist meetings in New York, Philadelphia, and even in Boston itself, led to the destruction of one or two of their halls, and exposed Garrison on one occasion to a chance of the ignominious treatment inflicted, with the cordial assent of men like John Adams and Hancock, and the approval of historians like Bancroft, upon the loyalists of 1765-75. This was the only time that personal danger came very near him. In every other instance he seems to have foreseen the storm he excited, and betaken himself to shelter before it burst.

His imperious and dictatorial temper, his impatience of divergent action, intolerance of criticism, and furious revolt against attempted control are apparent on every page. His biographers have given more space, as he evidently gave more time and energy, to his quarrels with allies, his ceaseless feuds with friends revolted by his extravagances of language and conduct, than to his crusade against slavery. With the African Colonization Society, with Anti-Slavery Societies which repudiated his anti-Sabbatarian, woman's rights, and other crotchets injurious to the cause, with the churches which would not agree to excommunicate all slaveholders, willing and unwilling, with nearly every man, from Dr. Channing downwards, whose name is held in honour for other reasons than its connexion with the anti-slavery movement, he was always at variance and often at open war. He quarrelled with the World's Conference of representative anti-slavery men, declined the honours it proffered, and sulked in the gallery, because, after having rejected by an overwhelming majority the pretensions of female "delegates," it refused to rescind that decision at his individual bidding. If we are to judge Mr. Garrison's leading worshippers, and especially his band of female disciples, by the likenesses scattered throughout these volumes, we should say that a more repulsive group of sour, ill-conditioned, self-opinionated, unhappy, and evil-tempered faces never gathered around a modern prophet, from Emerson to Brigham Young. The tracing of his career minutely from his twentieth almost to his fortieth year has only succeeded in depicting a man whose fanaticism was his sole merit, and who was as often fanatical in a wrong cause as in a right one.

#### A HISTORY OF NEWMARKET.\*

THE second and third volumes of Mr. Hore's *History of Newmarket* are, as we anticipated, much more interesting than the first; but we are inclined to think that two-thirds of their matter might have been dispensed with. Deeds, patents, and indentures are valuable to the historian; but it is not necessary that he should introduce them entire into his history. Old bills and account-books, again, have their interests to antiquaries, but general readers soon grow weary of them. We give Mr. Hore every praise for his industry in getting together so many records connected with Newmarket and racing; but, while we look upon his work as a large and valuable collection of historical materials, it must be distinctly understood that we do not give him the credit of having written a History. On the other hand, we are far from wishing to discourage any one from facing these formidable volumes; for those who do so with patience will find much to reward them for their trouble. Moreover, the matter is a little better winnowed in the second and third volumes than in the first.

Soon after his coronation Charles I. visited Newmarket; and, some two or three years later, the King and all his Court, with "every administrative board, from the Lords of the Admiralty to the Officers of the Green Cloth," established themselves there for about three weeks. According to some authorities, it was here, and during this visit, that King Charles knighted Peter Paul Rubens. It was during another royal visit to Newmarket that Dr. William Harvey, the Physician to the Household, completed his discovery of the circulation of the blood in the human species. Charles I. seems to have interested himself rather in the preservation of game than in the encouragement of racing at Newmarket, and he was much exercised in his mind by the prevalence of poaching. In order to put a stop to it, he made a law that "every Taverne, Innkeeper, Ordinary Keeper, Common Cook, and Ale-house Keeper, do once every year become bound unto his Majesty in the sum of 20*l.* not to dress, or suffer to be dressed, or directly or indirectly to buy to sell again, any venison, red or fallow, or any hare, pheasant, partridge, or heath-poult." This injunction, dated at Newmarket, applied to the London innkeepers, and the consternation that followed among Cockney gourmands must have been heartrending. Partridges and hares used to be brought from other counties to be turned down at Newmarket, and, in addition to the modern game on the heath, there were, according to Tradescant, bustards "as big as a Turkey," which used to be coured with greyhounds. Besides the proclamation against poaching, Charles I. issued another at Newmarket against the "abusive vending of tobacco." Finally, we find the King at Newmarket under arrest, but still allowed some liberty and the outward semblance of a Court.

Charles II. was more of a sportsman than his father, and in his days Newmarket became the metropolis of every sort of amusement, from "cocking" to racing. Pepys mentions his leaving

Whitehall for Newmarket at three o'clock one morning, and getting "overset" in Holborn—"all dirty, but no hurt." Charles II. took great interest in the building of his "hunting palace" at Newmarket, and when the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, answered his objection that the rooms were too low by stretching his neck in order to contemplate their loftiness, the King crouched beside the little man until their heads were on a level, and said, "Aye, Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough." This lively King not only encouraged racing, but rode races himself. In the Journal of Thomas Isham of Pytchley there is a statement that a certain Mr. Bullivant "dicit Regem apud Novum Mercatum his stadium currisse," in one of which races the Duke of Albemarle's horse fell under him and broke his neck. Accidents in flat races do not seem to have been uncommon in the seventeenth century, for in the *Domestick Intelligence* of Oct. 13 1682, it is recorded that at Newmarket "during the Matches several Men and Horses were rid over, and one or two had their Necks broken. Col. Aston and Sir Rob. Geere came in so furiously, that both men and horses were overturned; the Colonel for some time lay in a manner dead on the Spot, and Sir Robert had his shoulder split; but they being both immediately let Blood, are since pretty well." Pedestrian races were popular at Newmarket in the reign of Charles II. An old letter mentions a walking match against time (five miles in the hour) made by Lord Digby, when "he had the honour of Good company, the King and all his nobles to see him do it stark naked and barefoot."

Highway robberies were very common occurrences on Newmarket Heath in the days of the Merry Monarch. The *Domestick Intelligence* speaks of three having taken place in the course of four hours, near the Devil's Ditch, when the highwaymen had the impudence to tip the coachmen half-a-crown apiece "to drink their healths" with. The same periodical mentions some other highway robberies, in which blood was shed and life lost. Gentlemen riding on the Heath, too, were sometimes attacked and robbed. In 1682 "a coach was robbed of 400 pounds which a Gentleman was bringing hether to bet upon a race."

Occasionally, during his visits to Newmarket, Charles II. would exchange amusement for serious duty by touching for the evil. "This day his Majesty was pleased to Touch for the Evil" is an entry in the journal quoted above, and Evelyn, in describing the ceremony, says, "The King strokes their faces with both his hands at once," and he adds that when all had been touched, the chaplain used to put a gold angel strung on a white ribbon, round the neck of each. From 1,200*l.* to 2,000*l.* was allowed annually for the manufacture of these gold coins. John Evelyn, by the way, was often at Newmarket in his capacity of Court Secretary of the Latin Tongue, and there are many quotations from his famous Diary in these volumes.

A history of Newmarket during the seventeenth century gives excellent opportunities for describing the ladies of the Court of Charles II. It was on Newmarket Heath that Philip Rotier, the sculptor, made the drawing of "La Belle Stuart," from which he engraved the figure of Britannia, which is still to be found on the backs of our pennies. He sketched her as she sat on horseback, watching the races and holding a whip, for which he substituted a trident in his engraving. Pepys wrote in raptures of her splendid seat on a horse, and her figure was a subject of universal admiration long after her beauty had been spoilt by the small-pox. The two famous beauties, the Duchess of Mazarin and the Duchess of Cleveland, were notorious at Newmarket for keeping regular gaming-houses. The last-named Duchess is said by Pepys to have staked as much as 1,000*l.* and even 1,500*l.* on a single cast, and to have lost 25,000*l.* in one night. There is a long account in the third volume of Nell Gwyn, in which it is stated that a tradition still exists at Newmarket that there used to be a subterranean passage between the palace and the house of this favourite beauty, and that some portion of it may still be traced between the Rutland Arms and the house occupied by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. It was at a time when the King's fair favourites were at Newmarket that the great fire devastated the town. It is said to have broken out in Lord Sunderland's stables, and the *London Gazette* stated "that in a few hours above half the Town was laid in Ashes." The Duchess of Mazarin was a considerable loser by this catastrophe, her horses being roasted alive and her carriage reduced to tinder. Good, however, came out of evil, as the fire was the indirect means of frustrating the Rye House Plot.

Although James II. had been a great frequenter of Newmarket before he came to the throne, it is at most doubtful whether he ever went there afterwards; but "the glorious, pious, and immortal" William III. was a regular habitué, both as a subject and as a sovereign, and his celebrated trainer, Frampton, lived in a house that was on or near the site of the establishment owned by the equally celebrated modern trainer, Matthew Dawson. In William's time it was not uncommon for the whole Court and Cabinet to go down to Newmarket, when the streets were crowded with a curious medley of grave Ministers and Court beauties, professors in caps and gowns from Cambridge and officers in smart uniforms. According to Miss Strickland, William III. lost 4,000 guineas at basset in one sitting on a certain evening during one of these visits. It was during a Newmarket October Meeting that the King combined piety with pleasure by putting into execution the Act of Parliament for seizing the horses of Papists at 5*l.* a head. Official documents are quoted at length which specify nineteen horses that were seized in this manner. William III. was a great patron of racing, and he also introduced thorough-

\* *The History of Newmarket and the Annals of the Turf; with Memoirs and Biographical Notices of the Habitués of Newmarket and the Notable Turfites from the Earliest Times to the End of the Seventeenth Century.* By J. F. Hore. Vols. II. and III. London: Bailey & Co. 1886.

bred horse-flesh into foreign countries by making presents of English racehorses to many foreign potentates. Among the recipients of these gifts were Louis XIV. of France, the Kings of Sweden, Prussia, and the Romans, and the Grand Dukes of Florence and Tuscany.

The sums given to be run for by horses in the seventeenth century were small, even allowing for the difference between the value of money in those days and in these, but the amounts for which matches were made seem enormous, when the difference just mentioned is taken into consideration. In the Verney Papers it appears that two matches were run for in one week for 1,000*l.* each in 1676; and during the same year, at a supper party at Newmarket when Charles II. was present, six matches were made for 500*l.* a match. In the last year of the seventeenth century, a match was run between Lord Wharton and the Duke of Devonshire for 1,000*l.*, and when that Duke attended races he is said to have been in the habit of betting 1,000*l.* on every heat. Most races were run in heats in those days; their lengths varied from three to four miles, and the weights were from 10 st. to 15 st. The pace at which four-mile heats were run under 15 st. must have been funeral indeed. It is some consolation to learn that the much-abused Selling Race is, after all, a venerable institution. It was certainly popular in the reign of Charles II., and it seems to have been very common in that of William III. It is true that no auctioneer asked the buyers whether they had "all done" at so many guineas, or bawled out that a certain sum had been bid "in two places"; but when the conditions of a race stated that the winner was to be sold for a certain price, for that exact price he was sold. "Every Owner of any horse &c. that Starteth for this Plate shall be obliged to sell such horse Mare or Gelding for Thirty Guineys the Contributors present shall throw dice who shall be the Purchaser and he who throwes most at three Throwes shall be the Purchaser."

Bucks, does, silver spurs, and bells helped to vary the racing prizes of the seventeenth century, and there was an even greater variety in the races than in the prizes offered to the winners. Intermingled with horse-races were Plates "given for Hounds running a Train-scent of four Miles, for which any gentleman may put in a Hound," or "a Tumbler of 5*l.* value" to "be run for once round the same Course by Footmen," or "a Smock of one Guinea value, and a Guinea of Gold," to be run for by Women. In closing these "Materials for a History of Newmarket and Annals of the Turf," we venture to express a hope that some day a readable history will be compiled from them.

#### KERVYN DE LETTENHOVE'S LES HUGUENOTS ET LES GUEUX.

LAST year we proposed to give our readers from time to time an account of the progress of literature in the Low Countries. Although, since the appearance of our last article on this subject, but few first-class historical or literary works have been published, we nevertheless find some deserving more than a mere passing notice, on account either of their general value or of the special interest they have for English readers.

We shall now proceed to give an account of some historical works, leaving the purely literary works to be spoken of in our next article.

In our issue of January 3, 1885, we had occasion to remark that nearly all historical works published in Belgium referred almost exclusively to events which had taken place in the southern provinces of the Low Countries. At the same time we drew our readers' attention to a notable exception to this rule; and it is with pleasure that we hail another departure from this exclusive style of Belgian historians in Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove's new work, *Les Huguenots et les Gueux* (Bruges: Beyaert-Storie). This history, which forms six large volumes, has, by the unanimous consent of men of every shade of religious and political opinions, gained for its author the first place among the historians of the year. M. Kervyn has gathered information on the subject from documents in all the chief libraries of Europe, and he supports the conclusions which he forms by extracts from the diplomatic correspondence of the period of which he treats. Thus, in every instance, he acquaints his readers with the facts of the case. It is easily seen, however, that the author is a Catholic; for, just as Motley places before his readers the brighter side of William the Silent's character, so M. Kervyn shows us the darker side in the shape of his duplicity. In the volumes before us no reliance whatever is placed on the naturally one-sided views of William's *Apology* which Motley quotes so often. M. Kervyn founds his conclusions on more trustworthy grounds, and although his political and religious opinions are, perhaps, expressed more strongly than should be the case in a chronicle of facts, yet each page gives abundant evidence that he has in no way attempted to gloss over facts which tell against his co-religionists.

The subject-matter is exceedingly well arranged. Each volume details in chronological order the events of from three to five years; and each chapter on events connected with France is immediately followed by one on the history of the Netherlands during the same period. The reader's attention is thus concentrated first on one country, and then on the other. No doubt many would have preferred to have two separate works, one treating of the history of France, and the other of that of the Netherlands. It

is, however, hard to see how the author, had he adopted the latter course, could have escaped endless repetition.

In the first three volumes, the central figure is that of Catherine de Medicis, whom the author characterizes as a mother unable to quell the fratricidal contests of her sons, Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and the Duke of Anjou-Alençon, but nevertheless maintaining her power over all of them for more than thirty years. "The most subtle poisons of Florence are ever in her hands and mouth." The historian has been equally happy in his delineation of the character and policy of Catherine's great rival, Elizabeth of England; for though he censures her duplicity and double-dealing, he readily acknowledges her never-failing common sense and her intimate knowledge of the human heart. The great object which Elizabeth had in view in all her dealings with foreign nations was to reduce the power of her rivals. Thus the help which she afforded the Dutch in their struggles against the Spanish yoke was given more out of hatred of the Spanish king than of sympathy with the Dutch or with the Protestant cause; and she took the part of the French Huguenots for the sole purpose of weakening Catherine's power.

On the whole, we may say that, although the policy of the English Queen does not appear in a light altogether new, yet the author has brought forward a considerable amount of fresh information as to the means by which she acquired so great an influence in Continental politics. For instance, Cecil, the Queen's most intimate councillor, is proved beyond doubt to have been the promoter, and in great measure the originator, of the penal laws against Catholics; and Baron Kervyn quotes the letters of the Bishop of Aquila, now in the archives of Simancas, to show that in 1561 Elizabeth was personally averse to the persecution of Catholics, and protested over and over again her attachment to all the dogmas laid down by the Council of Trent. The Spanish Ambassador speaks of Cecil as a crafty and cunning man, and in the Lansdowne manuscripts at the British Museum it is said that he was an alchemist, and was popularly credited with the power of casting out devils. Elizabeth was one of the most active promoters of the stubborn resistance offered by Coligny and the Condés to the ambitious designs of the Queen-mother, who did not scruple to make use of men of all shades of political and religious opinion to serve her own ends. Consequently, she viewed the death of the Duke of Guise, the leader of the Catholics, with almost as much satisfaction as that of Coligny, whom the Baron believes to have had a share in the assassination of the Duke. Poltrot, the assassin, asserted that Coligny was the instigator of the crime, and, on the day after the murder, Thomas Smith wrote, "A day will come . . . when Coligny will, in his turn, be assassinated, to expiate the murder of the Duke of Guise." A French author, M. Charles Buet, gives what he considers a conclusive proof of Coligny's guilt in his book, *L'Amiral de Coligny* (Paris, 1884).

However this may be, it is certain that Catherine did not plan Coligny's assassination in revenge for that of the Duke of Guise, a powerful rival of whom she was very glad to be rid; in fact, it is now proved beyond a doubt that neither Coligny's assassination nor the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day was discussed at the Bayonne Conference in 1564. Secret assassination and poisoning were very much in vogue in France at the period of which we speak, and Catherine did not scruple to make use of these methods of removing her enemies when it suited her purpose; she even took credit for such acts when she had had no hand in them. Thus she at first threw the whole blame of the massacre on the Guise family, while shortly afterwards she caused Philip of Spain to believe that she herself had planned the massacre in the interests of the Catholic Church. Nevertheless there is abundant proof that the massacre of the Huguenots was the result of the failure of the attempt to assassinate Coligny on the preceding day; and in an account of the massacre now in the Record Office we find the following:—"The Duke of Guise himself is not so bloody, neither did he kill any man himself, but saved divers."

The celebration of thanksgiving services at Rome on this occasion was ordered by Cardinal de Lorraine, a member of the House of Guise, who looked on the massacre as a triumph for his family, and who represented it to the Pope as a victory over rebels who had been plotting against their sovereign. But the frightful business added in no way either to Catherine's power or to that of the House of Guise. Philip of Spain was the only one to benefit by the general consternation which followed, for to it he owed the maintenance of his power in the Low Countries, as William of Orange saw that he could no longer rely on France.

Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove judges Philip II.'s character very impartially; he considers him an ambitious and crafty sovereign whose word was not always to be relied upon. But Philip differed from Catherine de Medicis in one important particular, for while the French Queen's object was to increase her power regardless of the interests of religion, Philip made his personal interests subservient to those of the Church.

It is well known that Philip did all in his power to obtain the English Crown for himself, and that of France for his daughter Isabella; but what is not so well known, and what is proved beyond a doubt from the diplomatic correspondence published in this book, is that his great ambition was to mount the Imperial throne. He used all his influence to induce the small German princes to secure his election; but Catherine managed to hamper his designs without engaging in a war with Spain, for which she did not feel powerful enough.

In the fourth volume of this work, treating of the events



which happened from 1578 to 1580, the author describes briefly the vicissitudes through which the Low Countries passed after the various factions had concluded in 1576 the "Pacification" of Ghent, that mockery (for mockery it was) by which the parties granted religious toleration with one hand and took it away with the other.

In the fifth and sixth volumes the centre figure is that of the Duke of Alençon (youngest son of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis), who, on Henri III.'s succession to the French throne in 1574, took the title of Duke of Anjou. The author describes very powerfully the character of this chivalrous but licentious prince. His chief aim was to make himself master of the Low Countries. Elizabeth of England was at first sorely puzzled how to act, her aim being to prevent either France or Spain becoming too powerful. She thus encouraged the young Duke's efforts for some time. But when he proclaimed himself sovereign of the Low Countries, with the intention of making them subject to the French Crown, the English Queen promptly interfered, and caused him to return to France.

Such is a brief summary of a most delightful work, which we earnestly recommend to the careful perusal of all our readers. The events are related fairly and lucidly, and the characters are very cleverly described.

#### RECENT VERSE.\*

TO be melancholy is, apparently, the most valued of the poet's prerogatives. "It's your only fine humour," says some one in *Every Man in His Humour*; certainly it is the most prolific source of modern poetry. Successful indulgence in the vein, or its artistic development, depends very much on the poet's sense of proportion. The "stool to be melancholy upon" is anything but a tripod of inspiration when the poet pours forth his sadness without stint in a muffled monotone. Every one knows how much more impressive are "sixteen short howls not over-loud" in the moonlight than the protracted agony of a fog-horn in the murkiest air. So it is with poetic lamentation; the measure of it is as important a consideration as the quality. This principle, we rejoice to note, is better observed in Miss Robinson's little volume than in most contemporary verse of the mournful kind. The Italian garden is a place of doleful shade, of languid and crepuscular air, of massive cypresses, through whose funereal gloom the heart of the poet is lifted up to the clear moon, like Mrs. Browning's nightingale. The subdued sentiment of the poetry agreeably accords with the scene suggested, and possesses little of the passion of the heedless and unconscious singer. Even when the invariable minor key of these plaintive lyrics rises to the sharper accents of despair the progression is suave and delicate. The tender inward murmur of song is wedded in many instances to certain arbitrary forms—such as *rispetti*, *stornelli*, and the like—that are favourable to the elaboration of poetic conceits and hyperbole. The natural voice of grief is impatient of such metrical restrictions, and in these examples we do not feel much unpremeditated fervour or lyrical impulse. Their verbal felicities and deft artistry, however, command admiration. Whoever will be at the pains of comparing a collection of Tuscan popular songs with the *rispetti* and *stornelli* in the present volume cannot fail to note the successful introduction into English verse of these tender exotics. From the *rispetti* we cull the following as something far removed from a mere experiment in metre:—

Flower of the Cypress, little bitter bloom,  
You are the only blossom left to gather;  
I never prized you, grown amid the gloom,  
But well you last, though all the others wither.

Flower of the Cypress, I will bind a crown  
Tight round my brows to still these fancies down;  
Flower of the Cypress, I will tie a wreath  
Tight round my breast, to kill the heart beneath.

And here is a little song—one of eight charming miniature lyrics:—

How is it possible  
You should forget me,  
Leave me for ever,  
And never regret me!

I was the soul of you,  
Past Love or Loathing;  
Lost in the whole of you . . .  
Now, am I nothing?

\* *An Italian Garden: a Book of Songs.* By A. Mary F. Robinson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

*Blossom from an Orchard.* By H. Courthope Bowen. London: David Stott.

*The Judgment of Prometheus; and other Poems.* By Ernest Myers. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

*The Modern Titan.* By Robert Duffy. London: The London Literary Society.

*The Morning of a Love.* By J. M. W. Schwartz. London: Remington & Co.

*Julian: a Tragedy.* By J. M. W. Schwartz. London: Remington & Co. 1886.

*Uriel Acosta.* From the German of Gutzkow. By Henry Spicer. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

*Annie's Story.* By S. Selous. London: Edward Jones.

*Bertha: a Story of Love.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

*Poems.* By Jamin Willibro. Philadelphia: B. F. Lacy.

*By Solent and Dunsbe.* Poems and Ballads. By W. Wilsey Martin. London: Trübner & Co.

Mr. Bowen's *Blossom from an Orchard* comprises a number of lyrics in very fluent verse and a poem in blank on Judas. The former are smoothly written, even mellifluous at times; but it is impossible to discover in them any individuality. The "Case of Judas" was handled years ago by Mr. W. W. Story, and there is no novelty in Mr. Bowen's attempt at whitewashing besides a rather damaging inconsistency. The soliloquy of Judas begins with self-justification and ends with a full admission of guilt.

In Mr. Myers's volume are several poems not now first printed that merit reproduction. The "Ode on the Death of General Gordon," though rhetorical rather than lyrical, is dignified, reticent, and free from the windy apostrophe that disfigures many similar essays. The stanzas on Rhodes are full of spirit, and incisive. In *The Judgment of Prometheus* Mr. Myers endows his blank verse with the scholastic quality that becomes the lofty theme and is always sure of respectful acceptance. The versions from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, despite some metrical slips and verbal discords, have a happy briskness of movement and picturesque power.

To turn from the *Prometheus* of Mr. Myers to *The Modern Titan* is like passing from the sublime to the ridiculous. The new Titan is a kind of Manfred who haunts desolate places and dry, like a moon-struck philosopher, and is ever accompanied by an invisible mocking Spirit of Chaos, escaped from limbo and free to wander till captured by an Angel in the last scene. The poor Mortal has a bad time, and for all his obstinate questionings is terribly grieved by the discourteous spirit. He yearns for freedom:—

For I am weary of this orb below,  
Glutted with days and nights, and life and men;  
Awake gazing on a world in pain,  
And hearing din, sin-shout, wrath-shriek, grief-chant.

But the unsympathetic Spirit reproves him:—

Ambitious worm! would'st strut the skies? in space  
Intrude?

Yet undeterred the importunate Titan turns to the moon:—

How dull and melancholy its pale face  
Peers out from the great sky. Thought-stirring sight;  
Moon, stars, and clouds; and clouds and stars and moon.  
Ah me! 'tis spectacle for gods, not men.  
But what avails all this? Whereto dost lead?  
What serves the splendour of the night? What serves  
The splendour of the day?

To all of which and much more the Spirit of Chaos replies:—

Mortal, 'tis mystery; and thou, a mystery, wouldst solve  
A mystery. Ha! cloud shed light on cloud.

MORTAL.

Be't bless or curse beyond?

SPIRIT.

Get thee to sleep.

This rude rejoinder is effective. Another scene is "Morning" (Mortal, leaning pensively against a tree.) He hails the sun in jocund spirit thus:—

Art there, blithe sun! All hail, old light, all hail!  
Get thou not weary looking on the world?  
Art thou not sick of ever coming here?  
Of risings, settings, and eternal glow?

And then, with growing respect, exclaims:—

O with what godlike state approaches dawn!  
With what celestial ceremony comes Sol!

But Sol goes out, and night comes with a storm that gives the modern Titan fresh exaltation of mind:—

O horror, horror, horror! tremble space!  
O woe, and woe, and woe! and O lost earth!  
For thee these shrieks, for thee doth terror cry;  
Affrighted nature leaps and runs about  
Apanic, mad, dishevelled, fear fleet,  
Shrieking to-night her many-tuned distraught;

The harpy elements do make to flee  
Th' Almighty wrath, god-storm, that threatens this sphere,  
Far off 'yond echo, sight, in void to crouch.  
O horror, horror, woe and woe and woe!

This last verse we accept as a signal to stay quotation, though we have but halted on the vestibule of scenes whose raving transcends anything yet contributed to English poetry. How the earth jostles the stars and how the mountains "butt the clouds," what is the doom of the poor belated Titan, and what the fate of the exasperating Spirit of Chaos, space permits not to tell. The moral of the poem, like that of Mr. Limberham, is "excellent, if well considered":—

Earthly 'ologies and 'isms  
Are but ignorance-abysms,  
Into which, unguided, blind,  
Falls the groping mortal mind.

It is a little hard keeping pace with a poet whose first not substantial volume is followed within six months by a five-act play, even though Mr. Schwartz mitigates the surprising fecundity by an explanatory preface. With respect to *The Morning of a Love*, it is impossible to deal severely with verse that is altogether inoffensive, particularly as it is the work of "a foreigner in a foreign land." Mr. Schwartz's English certainly needs no apology. His historical drama, though a great advance in execution, is diffuse and the action languid. The chief character is not ill drawn, and some of the scenes are skilfully devised, but Mr.

Schwartz should not have missed the dramatic value of the celebrated exclamation of Julian the Apostate as he does by repeating the line "Ah, Galian, thou hast vanquished me!" no less than four times in the course of the long final speech of his hero.

Gutzkow's tragedy, *Uriel Acosta*, of which Mr. Henry Spicer gives a careful and actable translation, narrowly escaped representation at the Lyceum under Mr. Bandmann's management. While German farcical comedy enjoys so astonishing a popularity here and in America there is not much chance of a successful version of German tragedy, though the merits of Gutzkow's play are obvious enough—on paper.

*Annie's Story* is an attempt to tell in verse a homely tale, according to the art canons laid down by Wordsworth in writing the *Lyrical Ballads*, by which the obligation to write dialogue in what is conventionally considered poetical language is avoided. The story and its moral are no new things. The extreme simplicity of the style occasionally verges on baldness or sinks to commonplace, but the verse is neat and pointed, and the author possesses a vein of true pathos that is effectively developed. No Wordsworthian poet, however, should be guilty of the cockneyisms and deplorable rhymes in *Annie's Story*. There is little observation of nature in the author's landscape (p. 90), where we have the "nightingale forlorn" and "ripening corn" together; or in the night-piece (p. 71).

The poetic motive of *Bertha* is a refreshing exception to that which animates most amatory lyrics. There is nothing of pale desire or hope betrayed in these melodious memorials of one who has loved and lost, and derived the capacity for singing from the loss. Sincerity and a clear tunefulness of expression characterize these anonymous songs.

Among the high themes neglected by the didactic poet all reasonable people will include international copyright, which, until Mr. Jamin Willbro seized the opportunity to sing of authors' rights and pirates' injuries, has met with little attention from poets, excepting only Hood's well-known observations on copyright and copy-right. Mr. Willbro is probably an American; at all events, his book hails from Philadelphia, and there is a dramatic propriety in this. Mr. Willbro's couplets are neat, his views excellent, if a little transcendental. For the author's right he argues manfully—

And whence the right? It comes not through the law,  
'Tis title pure, without a deed or flaw,  
Of him who would a just possession take  
Of what his time, and skill and effort make.

And from this standpoint he turns with shame to China, where the "title pure" is recognized:—

In China, where the law is petrified,  
In China, where we notice to deride,  
An author's rights the law well estimates,  
As rights his work, and not the law creates.

This, of course, is all very well, though what authors want is a strong international law. However, Mr. Willbro presents a telling picture of the strife between pirate and publisher, with the author "looking sadly on the fight, and wishing well to him who wishes right." We hope, however, the fulfilment of the poet's prophecy is not at hand:—

The pirate and the publisher contend  
In bitter strife that nears a novel end.  
The publisher, to save himself from wreck,  
And hold the pirate's way in decent check,  
Must sadly do as pirates gladly do—  
Give up his trade and be a pirate too.

Even Mr. Alden of New York will scarcely contemplate this dread prospect with equanimity.

Mr. Martin's volume reveals a singing voice of no ordinary compass and capacity. In the domain of fancy his flight is facile and well sustained, and in the antipodean field of didactics he displays a vein of moralizing decidedly piquant. A series of "Quatrains," inasmuch as they inculcate moral precepts or define abstract qualities, belong naturally to the latter class. Frequently, however, these little poems are veritable pictures, fraught with allegory or vivified by felicitous emblematic fancies. Here is a quatrain of Hope:—

When Hope's glad sun shines full upon our track,  
We feel not much the burden of our load;  
The light is in our face along the road,  
And all the shadows lie behind our back.

And here is a pretty conceit of Daffodils:—

A smile of last year's sun strayed down the hills,  
And lost its way within you windy wood;  
Lost through the months of snow, but not for good;  
March found it in a clump of daffodils.

In "A Ballad of St. Quentin" and "The Bridge of Straubing," Mr. Martin is to be commended for manfully resisting the temptation to use archaisms; his diction is simple and expressive, and in both ballads abounds in picturesque touches and graphic force. The ever-changing aspects of the landscape in "A Golden Day" are noted with delicate sympathy and sensitive perception; many of the stanzas have the completeness of vignettes; others, again, are vague or generalized impressions. Very distinct from these or the rondeaus and sonnets is "The Lay of Nobody," which, it occurs to us, merits the much-abused word—original. It is undoubtedly a quaint concept, very ingeniously elaborated.

#### A WEST INDIAN SANATORIUM.\*

ONE by one our old prejudices are made to disappear before the light of science, one by one our old bugbears are being white-washed, until it seems probable that in time to come we shall have only to award to persons and things varied degrees of excellence. Mr. Moxly has now taken up the cudgels on behalf of the West Indian climate, not, indeed, of the whole of the islands, though much that he says would be applicable to the whole, but of Barbados in particular, which has had peculiar odium cast upon it from being the headquarters of the British troops, and its reputation, therefore, has been at the mercy of every subaltern who does not like the place. Mr. Moxly is well entitled to be heard in its defence, not only because he has resided there for nine years as Chaplain of the Forces, in which capacity he has seen many generations of soldiers, but because he is also a scientific man, and has been among the foremost in the work of sanitation in the island. Such a book as this is peculiarly opportune at the present time, when a scheme has been mooted to remove the headquarters to St. Lucia, and the Government will do well to weigh Mr. Moxly's facts and inferences before they consent to so important a change.

The first question to be answered is, How came the island by its evil reputation? Is it not known as "the grave of Europeans"? Do not its own tombstones attribute the deaths of many of its soldiers "to this fatal climate"? Hear Mr. Moxly:—

Time was, and that not so long ago, before the principles of sanitation were so well understood or their value appreciated as at present, when the troops quartered in the island were huddled together as an intelligent farmer would never crowd his pigs; when the "regulation" number of men to a barrack-room was at the rate of one for every eighteen inches along each side wall, with another row down the middle given equal space—that is, for a room thirty-nine feet long, seventy-eight men who were to live in it night and day; when the married families were allotted dark cells, still to be pointed out, of some five feet every way; when glazed windows or verandahs were unknown in the soldiers' quarters, and when there were not even jalousies, but the openings in the walls were closed by a solid door swinging from a hinge at the top, and known by the men as a "coffin shutter"; when these unfortunates, the soldiers, must risk either suffocation if they kept the shutters down, or "fever and ague," at least in the wet season, if they kept them up, and so got drenched in their beds by the sudden and heavy showers. Yes, time was when a barrack-room in the West Indies was a condemned cell, and the mortality among the troops consequent upon the absolute defiance in this warm climate of every sanitary law gave a name of terror to these lovely islands.

Take a number of human beings; place them in a warm climate; crowd them at night into rooms shoulder to shoulder, as close as they can stand in their ranks; shut every window about them; give them no water throughout the year to drink but what is caught in tanks from the roof of their barracks, and kept through the long dry season until it becomes absolutely putrid; give them, to be sure, an abundance of fresh rum, fiery and cheap, to which they will rush for refuge from the stale and nauseous liquid called "fresh water"; let every sanitary appliance be suitable to the sleeping accommodation and the drink; let these people rise in the morning sweltering from their beds, and quench their intolerable thirst by draughts of liquid abomination or in strong fresh rum—and what will be the state of health of the community?

All this is now altered; by slow degrees improvements were made, new barrack accommodation was built for the soldiers, a suitable system of sanitation adopted, and a copious supply of the purest water introduced into Bridgetown and its suburbs, including the garrison. Since then the condition of the island with regard to the health of its inhabitants has changed as if by magic. But Mr. Moxly is not content to claim for the Barbados of the present that it is tolerably free from sanitary evils; he is convinced that it is wonderfully salubrious, and specially adapted as a place of resort during the winter months for invalids suffering from pulmonary or throat affections, or from general debility. He does not base this belief upon the very favourable vital statistics of the natives, whether white, coloured, or black, but upon the health of the young unacclimatized soldiers sent out for the most part direct from England. He argues that, if the place were unhealthy, it must show its effects on this class of men, who as a rule are woefully imprudent, many of them indulging in excesses of various kinds. The records of the garrison, however, for the last twenty years show that it is the healthiest station at which British troops are quartered; there is an absence of serious illness among the European troops, and a marked improvement of the physique of the young soldiers during their three years' stay. Now these are statements which, if inaccurate, can be easily disproved, and if Mr. Moxly has over-coloured his case the authorities will soon set him right; but we believe it will be found that he is perfectly correct, for the same statement was frequently made by the late General Munro, C.B., during his five years' command of the West Indies. Cases of yellow fever no doubt occur, and in a place like Barbados, crowded with shipping from all parts of the West Indies and South America, will continue to occur, but there has been no epidemic of it for years, and if there were to be one it would certainly not be in the winter months, during which a visit is recommended. As an instance of the loose way in which statements are made, which cannot but produce mischievous effect, we may mention that only a few weeks ago a leading journal reported in its mail news that "small-pox was raging in Barbados," while letters by the same mail made no allusion to it; the paragraph really referred to another island. Mr. Moxly says small-pox, scarlet fever, and diphtheria are of rare occurrence, and the cases are of the mildest type; measles, though comparatively frequent,

\* *An Account of a West Indian Sanatorium; and a Guide to Barbados.* By the Rev. J. H. Sutton Moxly, Chaplain to the Forces. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.



are thought nothing of. The real danger of the place is typhoid fever, and that chiefly in the country districts, where there is no complete system of drainage. The water supply is derived from wells, and the poorer people in the dry season resort to ponds whose condition is often loathsome. The attention of the Legislature is being turned to this, and, though the expense will be great, it is hoped that in a short time the whole of the rural districts will be supplied with pure water pumped up from the vast reservoirs which underlie the island. From the latter part of November to June the temperature ranges from 82° to 79° in the shade in the daytime, and from 76° to 73° at night; but the almost constant prevalence of pure breezes renders even these figures apparently fallacious, and it is only if the wind falls that tropical heat is really felt.

We have not space to follow Mr. Moxly in his interesting description of the island and its inhabitants, or in the useful information he imparts to intending visitors. He shows that accommodation can be procured and the necessities and luxuries of life obtained at no great expense, and we have said enough if we can persuade people to read his book and test his statements. We will take leave of Mr. Moxly with one more extract, which we hope Sir Joseph Lister verified during his recent visit to the West Indies:—

In this so-called "fatal climate," so great is the purity of the air and so complete is the absence of provocative germs, that hospital gangrene is unknown, and the most serious operations in surgery are performed in the General Hospital at Bridgetown without the use of any antiseptic whatever. There is not the slightest necessity for their use, and so, however valuable the treatment may be amid the germ-laden air of English hospitals, Lister's great discovery is not appreciated here as it doubtless would be did not the climate prove its own antiseptic.

#### NATURAL CAUSES AND SUPERNATURAL SEEMINGS.\*

THERE are many interesting points of view from which it would be possible to examine this book of Dr. Maudsley's. We might confine ourselves to his sections on "Unsound Mental Action," where he speaks as one who has undoubted authority, though perhaps his speaking has no very obvious germanity to his title-subject, and though his remarks as to the happiness of the patient who is "placed under suitable moral and medical care" may savour somewhat of M. Josse. We might busy ourselves with some interesting digressions in foot-notes and elsewhere on points whereon Dr. Maudsley is not quite a specialist, such as his comparisons of the literary genius of Shakespeare and Shelley. We might devote ourselves particularly to his third part—"The Attainment of Supernatural Knowledge by Divine Illumination"—if it were not a fact recognized by all parties to the rather perilous quarrel into which Dr. Maudsley has thrust himself that pretence to such illumination is, at least, very often mere delusion or mere charlatanism. But it is impossible to cover so wide a field in a single review, and we shall venture to hint that it was not too possible for Dr. Maudsley to cover it in a book of three or four hundred pages. There is interest enough in his main contention, which is very fairly stated in a proem and an epilogue, and which is chiefly supported in the first part of his book, dealing with "The Fallacies Incident to the Sound Operations of the Mind." We shall deal mainly with this, incidentally tackling whatever may seem worth the trouble in the other parts.

Dr. Maudsley is, at least to his own mind, a very determined anti-supernaturalist. We can hardly be wrong in thinking that he classifies himself among those who, as his prologue has it, "believe confidently that there is no accessible supernatural, or that, in any case, we cannot know anything about it." As to his conclusion, we cannot go wrong at all; for here are his words:—

If the facts and arguments set forth in the foregoing pages are soundly based and sound in themselves, they go a long way to show that mal-observation and misinterpretation of nature have been the unsound foundations of theories of the supernatural; that its seeming phenomena have not ever been, nor are ever now, events of the external world, but have always been, and are, fables of the imagination; that the concern and interest of them are purely psychological,—mankind, like one floating down a stream, having imagined its movements to be a movement of the unmoving land. Lacking, therefore, any vestige of solid support in sound observation and reasoning, they survive in modern thought only by virtue of their pretensions to a supernatural authority above all observation and reasoning. Poor, indeed, they were but for that pretension, and none so poor as to do them reverence. By bringing the phenomena within the compass of scientific investigation, and setting forth the modes of their natural origin and growth, the need and credit of such authority are alike invalidated, at the same time that the obligations of scientific method are fulfilled.

After which Dr. Maudsley concludes that "spirits will be squeezed and refined out of human existence" (he is not referring to teetotalism), that "the emotion and the energy which hitherto have been expended on the supernatural will then have their place and fulfil their natural function in kindling a glowing feeling of human brotherhood," that "man must cease to attempt to evade or escape his natural responsibilities by flying to supernatural aspirations and theories," that "man's inhumanity to man must be extinguished by an evolution of the living sentiment of human solidarity," that "supernatural beliefs destroy the fundamental concord and veracity of human nature," and so forth, and so forth. In short, after reading his book very carefully, we think we are doing Dr. Maudsley no injustice

by taking him as an enemy of what is generally understood as religion—an enemy who, admitting that at least the modern form of Christianity has lost much that is noxious, and contains much that is beneficial, still considers it vitiated by its belief in the supernatural, and both hopes and thinks that this belief will cease. If we are wrong in forming this definition of Dr. Maudsley's attitude we can only apologize; but with the apology (which will be very frankly given) we shall couple an expression of hopeless wonder why in that case he wrote his book at all.

And now to examine the book itself. It would of course be an *ignoratio elenchi* to meet Dr. Maudsley by an *a priori* proof of the existence of God. He avoids, as far as possible, the use of that name and does not want *a priori* proofs; he distrusts and will have nothing of them. And we shall be first to confess that we cannot give him an *a posteriori* proof that he would be at all likely to admit. Indeed, the greatest fault that we should find with his book is that he himself has fallen into the great and universal error which may be best put in a syllogism:—

Whatever is not natural is not true;  
The supernatural is not natural;  
Therefore the supernatural is not true.

Now as it is the claim, made *totidem literis*, of the supernatural that it is *not* natural, we own that it might be a little surprising to find persons of Dr. Maudsley's intelligence triumphantly reiterating an argument with a major that requires to be proved and a minor which grants the adversary's position. But we are so accustomed to this that we really do not care to affect surprise on this point of the question. They all do it.

The only ground on which both parties can meet in such a matter is clearly an examination of the arguments and method of the disputant for the time being. If Anselm and Descartes have not convinced Dr. Maudsley on the high metaphysical ground, we are not at all likely to do so. We can at least take Dr. Maudsley's own arguments and method to pieces with instruments which Dr. Maudsley himself must necessarily allow. With numerous minor points we have no space to deal. It is indeed strange that any one should produce against omens the argument that "the same event which was an omen of ill luck in one nation was an omen of good luck in another nation," forgetting that on the omen theory there is no reason why this should not be so. It is stranger that at this time of day an *aporia* should be based on the "one" or "two" angels at the Sepulchre. But we shall take wider ground; and, in the first place, we shall confess our extreme surprise at finding that Dr. Maudsley, who is constantly pitchforking the supernatural out of his doors somehow or other, is perpetually building ladders for her to come back by the window. He condemns with well justified and conclusive scorn "the explanation of a concrete fact in what is no more than the abstract statement of the same fact," and certainly there is no more hopeless and persistent fallacy. He is equally scornful of "mere general terms and abstractions," and certainly they are most deceptive. Yet, when we come to Dr. Maudsley's own explanations of phenomena, we are astonished to find that he is always paying himself with terms. The supernatural is to him an abomination, yet his "Nature" is to us one of the most supernatural things that we ever met, and one of the most abstract. He is justly contemptuous of those who "explain the sleep-producing effects of opium by the soporific virtues of that drug." Yet we come across this remarkable sentence in him:—"Imagination, which is a prolific faculty or function, always eager and pleased to exercise itself." A prolific faculty or function! always eager and pleased to exercise itself! Surely Imagination is here a general term, an abstraction, and, what is more, a personalized abstraction of the most surprising character. Where this Imagination came from, who made her, what becomes of her, who told him anything about her, Dr. Maudsley can tell us no more than we can tell him about the Archangel Gabriel. Yet he speaks of her exactly as if she were the cat on his hearth. We may not, it seems, believe in the supernatural. But here is an abstract Imagination, which is not yours or mine, but the human race's, and which has the purely personal attributes of prolificness, eagerness, and pleasure. Again:—"As long as the *nîsus* of evolution lasts in Nature and works through man, we may continue to expect." May we? What, in Heaven's name—or, if that be tabooed, what, in the name of Aristotle—is a *nîsus*? Why does "Nature" struggle? *Natura nititur*, answers Dr. Maudsley apparently, *quia est in illa virtus nititiva* (or, if any one prefers the form, *nîtiva*); and after this he sneers at the *virtus soporifica*! Here is another striking passage:—

It is imagination which attracts the lover to his mistress, by gilding her modest charms with the glow of the light that never shone on sea or land, and beguiles him into marriage, as into the sure promise of an earthly paradise; and he, notwithstanding that he is soon mightily disenchanted by experience, finds, in compensation, sober domestic joys and does the procreant and prosaic work of the world. It seduces the politician by alluring thoughts of fame and glory and of benefits to his country, and inspires him to go through his arduous and often ignoble labours: what matters it that he discovers in no long time, if he is not a simple innocent, that fame is sounding vanity and glory an idle phantasm, since he has meanwhile done zealous work which he would never have done had he been disillusioned at the outset? It furnishes a plentiful supply of the preliminary hypotheses necessary in all branches of scientific research—those guesses at truth which great discoverers, like Kepler and Faraday, make in abundance in order to begin to look definitely for it, the erroneous ones, thrown aside as unfit after trial, being many times more numerous than those which verification proves to be well founded. It inspires the idealizations of the poet, by means of which he throws glimmers of joy and beauty over the hard and dreary realities, and yields a glowing warmth to the aspirations of the heart which is denied to the cold light of reason. Lastly, attaining its most ambitious flights, it creates and peoples those

\* *Natural Causes and Supernatural Seemings*. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

unseen worlds, to the joys of which so many nations in different times and places have looked forward for recompense and rest after the sufferings and labours of this life.

This is extremely eloquent; but again we ask, what is this description of Imagination but a statement in abstracted terms of the fact that there are peculiarities of the human organization which Dr. Maudsley cannot in the least explain, and which he will not attribute to "the act of God"? We have as much objection as any one can have to bandying that name in argument; but really, if we have it translated into Nature and Nisus and Faculty and Function, and what not (Dr. Maudsley indulges in the astonishing remark that "the habit-formed structure will always feel the joy of function," which, if we were Comtists, we should take as one of the most delightfully crude expressions of the metaphysical era of thought); if, we say, we are asked to believe that the monosyllable is not to be used because it can be translated into all sorts of dissyllables and trisyllables and polysyllables, we decline. *Hypotheses non sunt multiplicandæ præter necessitatem* any more than entities; and for our part we prefer the single and sufficient hypothesis of God.

We cannot follow up this argument, which is of wide, perhaps of universal, application. The universe of "natural" abstractions, each working *propter virtutem*, and not caused by anything, which Dr. Maudsley prefers to the supernatural, or, speaking plainly, to belief in God, strikes us as a universe rather unreasonable to propose and singularly unreasonable to accept. But we cannot deal with all its phases as examined by Dr. Maudsley. We must leave others to decide whether good and bad luck are such absurd suppositions as Dr. Maudsley will have them to be in one place, and whether what he himself lays down in another, the "unconscious ingenuity with which certain natures, again incarnating the discordant doings and feelings of their forefathers, succeed in doing with the most apt inaptness the wrong thing at the wrong time," is not something much more absurd. Our author remarks somewhere that "the devout Christian will resent the insulting impiety of a natural explanation." We do not know; we are not at any rate un-Christian enough to arrogate to ourselves the title of devout Christians. But, if we are asked to believe in such a "Nature" as Dr. Maudsley's, we shall certainly resent the insulting explanation. The supernatural, at any rate, presents itself frankly as supernatural. It says, alike to intelligent unbelievers like Dr. Maudsley, to believers who may or may not be intelligent, and to the unquestionably unintelligent persons of the psychical-research kind, "I am not natural, and you can neither prove nor disprove me by natural means." Nature (Dr. Maudsley's Nature) says, "You will please to believe in a Nisus and a function and a faculty, and all the rest of it, which are, indeed, absolutely inexplicable, but which are natural, quite natural, you know." "What right," says Dr. Maudsley, "have we to believe Nature under any sort of obligation to do her work by means of complete minds only? She may find an incomplete mind a more suitable instrument for a particular purpose." What attribute has the wildest supernaturalist ever given to the supernatural, or any synonym of it, which transcends the non-natural character of this "Nature" of Dr. Maudsley's?

Once, indeed, a glimmer, though only a glimmer, of the fatal parallelism which pervades his whole book, strikes the author:—

To the notorious objection that a direct communication from the Deity would be a violation of the laws of nature, it is no real answer that the divine locution might take place in conformity with a higher law than the known laws of nature, and be a temporary discontinuity, not really a violation of them—a special supersession of their function for the occasion; because a supernatural event occurring in nature, in direct opposition to its known order, would be the temporary abolition of the known properties of things, and the utter confounding of human experience—of that same experience which alone is our authority for believing human testimony; not the mere interruption or suspension of known law, but the negation of all law based upon the uniformity of experience within its range. The very basis of natural knowledge would be swept away in that case; belief could never have the certainty that it was in conformity with experience, nor an instant's confidence as to what would come to pass next; it would be no matter thenceforth how many miracles, big or little, occurred, nor how often or how seldom they occurred: the universe would practically be a chaos, not a cosmos. If the law of gravitation can be suspended even for a second of time without the universe going to wreck, then it is clear that there is no law of gravitation at all.

We need only ask any one to read this, to see the strange fallacy which it indicates, and to which Dr. Maudsley, like all impugnors of the supernatural, placidly submits. Undoubtedly an interference with the laws of Nature would be a violation of them if it were done by a natural authority. But the whole contention of supernaturalists, the whole theory of religion, the whole definition of God, to put plain things in plain words, is that the authority is not natural, that it is not limited by any natural limitations of power, and that it can not only make what is not natural happen, but can prevent it from having any such effects as Dr. Maudsley describes. If he or any one else chooses to say that he does not believe in omnipotence, he is logically entitled to do so. But to object to omnipotence that if it existed it would be omnipotent, appears to humble logicians a very absurd and a very inexcusable *pétitio principii*. To put the whole thing shortly, Dr. Maudsley, like every other reasoner of his class whose reasonings we have ever read, bases his arguments on one simple objection, "You ascribe to God things that are not and could not be true of man."

We have no care to deny it.

#### THE ÆNEID IN BLANK VERSE.\*

LAST week we reviewed a rendering of the *Iliad* into blank verse, and this week brings us Mr. Thornhill's *Æneid* in the same form. Though the problem of the translation of poetry is practically insoluble, like the problem of metaphysics, like metaphysics it will never cease to tempt men and to amuse them. The *Æneid*, far more than the Homeric poems, is the despair of translators. The mere matter of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* bears being reproduced in prose, and you can get more of the epic from Bohn's version than from Pope's. But the *Æneid* is, except in parts, practically nothing without the poetry and the style. The prose versions of Mr. Mackail and Mr. Conington, both of them excellently qualified translators, prove that Virgil is not enjoyable when deprived of his music and the charm of his language. But how can that charm be preserved in English? We believe that the only chance is a desperate chance. If a poet with the Laureate's felicity would devote it to a rendering of the *Æneid*, into blank verse probably, then we might have an English Virgil. Mr. Thornhill has chosen blank verse as his vehicle; but then he is not the Laureate, and his writing, though it is scholarly and careful, is devoid of that inexpressible charm of which only a very few great poets possess the secret. Thus, though we cannot call his *Æneid* a failure, it is but a copy, and not a copy by a master. Even when a master copies master's work, as in the Teniers gallery lately sold at Christie's, or in Mr. Browning's "transcript" of the *Agamemnon*, the result is apt to be more curious and interesting than satisfactory. A great painter, a great writer, has his own style, and what could be more unlike than the styles of Teniers and Veronese, or of *Æschylus* and Mr. Browning? An ordinary copyist, on the other hand, cannot possibly produce, at second hand, an adequate imitation of a thing which is solitary and unsurpassed in the creations of genius, such as the style and music of Virgil. We need for such a task the toil of a master whose own genius is in harmony with that of his model. There are not many examples of closer correspondence in this sort than the correspondence in manner and method between Lord Tennyson and the Mantuan whom he has celebrated in a beautiful poem. But perhaps poets of great natural force will never, or very rarely, submit to the labours of the translator, and bear his irksome yoke. Consequently, we are never likely to have any better rendering of the *Æneid* than the "free" translation, as Mr. Thornhill correctly calls it, which comes to us from Dublin.

There seems no doubt that either blank verse or the rhyming couplet as used by Keats and Mr. Morris in *The Life and Death of Jason* is the right measure for an English *Æneid*. Conington went as far astray with a false following of Scott as Mr. Morris in his queer, rude, archaistic performance, of all English Virgils known to us the least like Virgil. Mr. Thornhill quotes Cowper's remark on Homer's poems, "There is no end of passages in Homer which must creep unless they are to be lifted"—a pretty joke, the pigeon of Olney giving a lift to the swan of Cayster. Mr. Thornhill will be satisfied if, in the passages where Virgil needs lifting, he does not "sink below the level of ordinary poetic diction and style." Well, he does not sink below the ordinary level; but then Virgil is so infinitely above the ordinary level. "The stateliest measure" of mortal speech is not to be rendered in English blank verse of the ordinary level. That is exactly the reason why no translation of Virgil by a poet inferior to Virgil can be at all satisfactory. "What," cries Mr. Thornhill, "can be more melodious than the opening of Book III. of *Paradise Lost* . . . or Cowper's *Task*, or the *Morte d'Arthur*, or the *Tithonus* of Lord Tennyson, or the stately march and solemn tenderness of Mr. Lewis Morris's *Epic of Hades*, or of Professor Dowden's *Heroines*?" This is a curious collocation of examples, and we can imagine many things more melodious than Cowper's *Task*, while we certainly cannot put *The Epic of Hades* in the same class as *Tithonus*. Professor Dowden's *Heroines* may be melodious, but we have still to make acquaintance with the poem. If it rivals Milton's blank verse, and Lord Tennyson's, we congratulate Professor Dowden. But while Milton, and Marlowe, and the Laureate would all find themselves put to it to cope with Virgil's melody, Mr. Thornhill is scarcely on the level of that immortal strain.

Let us take the first few lines of the *Æneid* as an example of Mr. Thornhill's very meritorious essay:—

Arms and the man I sing who first from Troy,  
Foredoomed to fly, to far Italia came.  
Lavinium's destined shore, long tossed and wide  
By flood and field of adverse Powers above,  
For cruel Juno's unforgiving wrath;  
Sore trial too he bore of war and fight,  
While as he still submissive struggled on  
His town to build and shrine his homeless gods  
On Latian soil, whence came the Latin race,  
Old Alba's sires, and walls of queenly Rome.

Say what the cause, O Muse, what purpose high  
Thwarted and crossed, or what the dire offence,  
That she, great queen of heaven, should drive a man  
So gentle, good, and true, the round to tread  
Of toil and risk, to face such brunt of ill;  
In heavenly booms finds such hate its home?

This, it will be acknowledged, reads very fluently and well, though it has no particular cachet of grace and charm. "Foredoomed to

\* *The Æneid of Virgil, freely translated into English Blank Verse.* By William J. Thornhill, B.A. Dublin: University Press. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.



fly" is good for *fato profugus*. In the sixth line, one does not see why *multa quoque et bello passus* should become

Sore trial too be bore of war and fight,

where *and fight* is entirely otiose; and of Mr. Thornhill we have to say, as M. Scherer says of Molière, *il chevillie*. "His homeless gods," on the other hand, is a good example of the license demanded by Mr. Thornhill of "adding, or expanding, or varying an epithet where I think the version would be the better for it." It is a more dubious liberty which changes the *castus* in the boxing-match into "something more in harmony with our modern conception of a gauntlet or glove" than the classical knuckle-duster.

The ancients, as in the mill in Theocritus, used knuckle-dusters, and boxing-gloves are purely modern, as any one may read in *Tom Jones*. However, Mr. Thornhill is more correct in his translation than his preface leads us to expect:—

ingentia septem  
Terga boum plumbo insuto ferroque rigeant,

becomes

wrap on wrap,  
Seven plies of stark bull hide lay welded there,  
Stiffened with padded lead, and iron-knobbed.

No reader can mistake the nature of the *castus* as described here. We may now quote a passage from the *Passion of Dido*:—

'Twas noon of night, and now o'er all the world  
Earth's wearied myriads knew the balm of sleep,  
And woods were still, and raging seas had rest;  
The hour when stars their midway courses wheel,  
When all the land is hushed, beast and gay bird  
That skims the mere or haunts the tangled brake,  
In quiet couched with silent night o'erhead,  
Forget their pains, and steal their hearts from care—  
All creatures slept, nor toil nor trouble found;  
All but Tyre's hapless queen: not slumber once  
May lay that weary frame to rest, not once  
Or breast or eye let in the quiet night;  
Nay all the worse her cares more thickly crowd,  
The flowing tide of passion heaves afresh,  
And wrath, conflicting, tempests all her soul.

Here we may compare Mr. Mackail's prose:—"Night fell; weary creatures took quiet slumber all over earth, and woodland and wild waters had sunk to rest; now the stars wheel midway on their gliding path, now all the country is silent, and beasts and gay birds that haunt liquid levels of lake or thorny rustic thicket lay couched asleep under the still night [a line is omitted in the translation]. But not so the distressed Phœnician, nor does she ever sink asleep or take the night upon eyes or breast; her pain redoubles, and her love swells to renewed madness, as she tosses on the strong tide of wrath."

The passage is so tempting in its impossibility that we venture a fresh version, though we prefer Mr. Thornhill's:—

'Twas Night, and wearied bodies o'er all the Earth  
Plucked the soft boon of sleep; wild waves and woods  
Were still, while on their mid course wheeled the stars.  
Still was the land, and still the herds, and still  
The flocks of painted birds that hold the meres,  
Wide liquid lakes or uplands thick with thorn;  
Couched all asleep beneath the silent night,  
With soothed hearts they half forgot their cares.  
Not so the sad Phœnician; never more  
She sinks in sleep, nor takes the quiet night  
Through breast and eyes, but with redoubled pain,  
And Love re-risen, and with the reluctant flood  
Of wrath, she tosses on the tide of woe.

As Mr. Thornhill's translation is best judged by specimens, we add the famous passage that describes the golden branch, a singular piece of myth or folk-lore of unknown origin:—

Dense woods fill all the space 'twixt it and us,  
And, broad and deep, Cocytus winds around  
His black and sinuous flood; but if thy soul,  
Of yearning dire impelled, would fain twice swim  
The dismal Stygian mere, and, mad resolve,  
Must twice the dark Tartarean pool explore,  
Attend what first the daring project asks,  
Deep in a shady tree from sight doth lurk  
A limber twig, its stem and leaflets gold,  
And sacred held to Juno of the Shades:  
This all around the forest's depths enclose,  
And bosky hollows shut it from the day;  
Nathless no entering of the under-world  
Or ere be plucked from forth the magic bole  
That goodly growth with golden tresses dight;  
Such passport fair hath Proserpine adjudged  
Her fairer self, and claims the precious gaud.  
One rent away, another straight succeeds,  
And, bad for bud, bourgeois alike in gold,  
Then look it out full well, and, duly found,  
Pluck boldly with the hand, for nothing loath  
'Twill follow at a touch, if so be Fate  
Invite thy steps; else may no strength avail,  
Nor edge of hardest steel shall hew the spray.

In this passage "bosky" is rather an odd conventional way of turning *obscuris*, and "the magic bole" is expanded from *arbore*.

Such passport fair hath Proserpine adjudged  
Her fairer self, and claims the precious gaud,

is an antithesis of Mr. Thornhill's own, as un-Virgilian as "the precious gaud" is reminiscent of the eighteenth century. "Look it out well" is almost modern slang for *alte vestigia oculis*.

Finally, let us quote Mr. Thornhill's version of the famous passage in the sixth book, *Principio cælum ac terras*. The begin-

ning is good; about the eleventh and twelfth lines the verse becomes harsh and involved:—

Know first, the heavens, the earth, the liquid plains,  
The moon's resplendent globe, the sun and stars,  
An inward-dwelling Spirit doth sustain,  
And through each part a thinking Mind diffused  
Blends with the mass, and stirs the mighty whole.  
Thence souls of men and beasts, the flying kind,  
And all those monstrous shapes old Ocean breeds  
Beneath the surface of his marble floor.  
Sparks from one common Soul divine, these all  
The ethereal laws and fiery energies  
Of that their heavenly birth observant own  
In so far as, of clogging clay unharmed,  
Nor frame of mould, nor dying members gross,  
May dull their blunted powers; but, so alloyed,  
To weak emotions prone and passions low,  
They joy and grieve, desire and fear, nor more,  
In fleshly prison mew'd of sensuous gloom,  
Discern their native skies. Nay, and when life  
With light's last beam is fled,—no, not e'en then  
May every ill, nor all the body's plagues,  
The wretches quit; needs must fall many a stain,  
Contracted long, have now struck wondrous deep,  
E'en in the substance of the soul ingrained.  
For this are various disciplines enjoined,  
And penal pangs must former guilts atone:  
Some blanch on high, to searching winds hung out;  
From some again their in-dyed soils are washed  
In steep-down gulfs, or else burnt out with fire—  
Such ghostly pains, each for his several case,  
We all endure.

When it has been added that the battle-pieces are turned with very considerable spirit, and the fights described with energy and interest, the English reader will know pretty well what to expect from Mr. Thornhill's commendable translation. The preface and notes are interesting, and are written in a pleasant leisurely manner. The book has been a work of love, and is not unworthy of such an origin.

#### CASES IN THE COURTS OF STAR CHAMBER AND HIGH COMMISSION.\*

FEW periods in English history are so important as regards both political and ecclesiastical matters as the years that immediately preceded the outbreak of the Great Rebellion. The causes of the alienation of a large and respectable part of the people from the Crown and from the Church, and the steps by which their disaffection grew and spread, can never be illustrated too fully. It is a subject about which there is a great deal of superficial knowledge. Every one is familiar with the names and with some of the doings of the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, and many people speak of them as though they were simply engines of royal and episcopal oppression. Dr. Gardiner, with his invariable fairness, has shown the good as well as the bad side of the working of these Courts in his *Personal Government of Charles I.*, and has dwelt with considerable emphasis on the unfortunate change that came over the spirit of ecclesiastical administration, and, above all, over the proceedings of the Court of High Commission, after the death of Archbishop Abbot. All he says of both Courts is confirmed and exemplified by this new volume of the Publications of the Camden Society, which consists of reports of cases heard before both in 1631-32. The volume contains a large store of interesting and amusing records bearing on the social and religious life of the period. In the Star Chamber trials there was, it is evident, no undue haste; the causes were heard carefully, and the judges, who were either great lawyers or prominent politicians, delivered their judgments singly, each stating his reasons for agreeing or disagreeing with his fellows. The first trial reported here, an action brought by Viscount Falkland against Lord Mountnorris (Annesley) and others "for a combination to lay a scandal" on him, throws some light on the character of the English administration in Ireland before it was taken in hand by Wentworth. In a trial for riots in the Fens the assertion of the King's right to drain, on the ground that the waters "are a kinde of enemies," is characteristic of the manner in which the law was used to support the Royal pretensions, whether just or unjust. It was, of course, in cases of this sort in which the Crown was concerned that the Court was least likely to deal fairly, for almost every member of it was a Privy Councillor. A curious case of conspiracy to defame the Dean of Exeter (Peterson) affords an instance of one of those punishments, common enough in those days and for long after, which are peculiarly shocking to a more civilized society, though the unfortunate young woman who was sentenced to two whippings was certainly guilty of most disgraceful conduct. The particulars of one or two disturbances about seats in church are amusing, and some rectors and churchwardens of the present day will perhaps echo the wish of the Bishop of London that there were no seats at all. Laud's wish, however, did not proceed simply from impatience of the squabbles on this subject; it must be connected with his dislike of the exaggerated importance the Puritans attached to sermons. It is interesting to note the part he took in the proceedings of the Court of High Commission. In one case to which the reader is referred in the preface, a trial of three men for heresy, he showed the strong feeling he already

\* *Reports of Cases in the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission.* Edited by Samuel Rawson Gardiner, LL.D. Printed for the Camden Society. 1885.

had against Pryne. "Let Mr. Pryne be article against for the same. We must not sit here to punish poor snakes, and let him goe scot free." At the same time, as far as we can judge from the cases reported here, there was nothing virulent or spiteful in the Bishop's conduct towards any of those who were brought before the Court. Abbot, as Dr. Gardiner has pointed out in his History, while anxious to deal mildly, and if possible to compose strife, insisted on conformity, and declared his disapproval of the unseemly custom of placing seats above the Communion table. With his usual modesty Dr. Gardiner, in his short preface, notes that these reports bear out the view taken of the Archbishop in an article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. We cannot allow him to give to another praise that is rightfully his own. There are no prosecutions of Puritans as such, though there are several cases of proceedings against Antinomians and Separatists. One Lane, a tailor, for example, who was cited before the Court, declared "that perfection is and may be attained in this life"; he was afterwards further accused of "keeping conventicles," and was imprisoned. A Separatist congregation was discovered in Blackfriars, and several persons were cited, among whom were Sara Barbon, probably the wife of the famous Praisegod Barbon, or Barebones, and the minister Latropp, or Lathrop, who afterwards held a high position among the emigrants to New England. Several of these persons stoutly refused to take the *ex officio* oath. It is, of course, easy to condemn such prosecutions. It should, however, be remembered that they were undertaken in order to defend the people from the ill effects of false and mischievous teaching, and that they were not instances of a wanton exercise of arbitrary authority. The correction of the clergy formed a considerable part of the employment of the Court. One case of some interest against Vicars, the vicar of Stamford, was promoted by the townspeople, his parishioners, who accused him of irregular and scandalous teaching; he held private conventicles, preached that it was a sin not to hear two sermons every "Saboth day," or to receive the sacrament except on that day, and, moreover, taught some strange and gross doctrines on the subject of marriage. Ample justification will be found for Dr. Gardiner's remark on the good work done by the Court in the protection of married women, "the lawe of England" being, as that eminent canonist Dr. Duck pointed out, "an husbandes law." The date of these cases invests them with peculiar interest. As yet there was peace, and as yet Abbot's influence was still powerful to moderate the zeal of the more eager churchmen. A change, however, was near, and signs of the coming storm may already be discerned.

#### JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.\*

THE reissue in shilling parts of Leech's Pictures of Life and Character is an opportunity of laying in a stock of amusement at the cheapest of rates which ought not to be neglected. Each part contains forty pages, often with four subjects to a page; and, though the "cuts" might look still better on a somewhat thicker and less shiny paper, the presentation is excellent in itself and admirable for the money. Except that all things pass, and that it is not superfluous to remind successive generations that Shakespeare was really a clever man, and that if they swap all the novels before Scott and most, except Thackeray's, since for the Waverleys they will not go far wrong, it should be needless to say much about John Leech. But caricature, while in one sense a remarkably enduring thing, is in another remarkably fragile. Indeed, even in the case of these pictures—the oldest of which is barely forty years old, while the youngest has but just attained its majority—there are, we suspect, not a few things which are likely to be imperfectly understood of the younger generation. We could indeed wish (according to the inveterate critical habit of asking for something that is not there) that, in addition to the dates which are to appear in an index, a few slight explanatory notes should be added. But perhaps this is a counsel of perfection, and it would only increase the edification, not the delight.

Great, indeed, is that delight. In some respects Leech did not altogether fall on the happiest days for a caricaturist. The costumes, the *coiffures*, the furniture of 1840–1860, though among the ugliest in history, were of a dowdy and matter-of-fact rather than of a grotesque and caricaturable ugliness. But the fulness, the sincerity, and the inexhaustible versatility of his humour informed his creations, or miscreations, with a life and a variety almost unparalleled. Leech never seems to be copying himself—the bane of all art, and especially of all caricature. He never seems to be creating a fashion or a folly in order to ridicule it.

We cannot, of course, do more than make a few general remarks on a collection so vast, so well known, so infinitely diversified. Let it suffice to say that all the old friends are here, and all are welcome—Briggs the immortal, and the comic cabmen (the comedy of cab-driving has gone with its extortion), and the swells who are so wickedly like the late Lord Lytton, and the defunct iron-bound hats of the policemen, and the galloping snob of Rotten Row (a Rotten Row with habits down to the horse's heels, dangerous but graceful), and those fearful articles of female garb, the turban and the "ugly," and a thousand other things agreeable to look at, improving to read, and (sometimes) suggestive of *manche liebe Schatten* of other days.

\* John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character. Parts I., II., and III. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.

#### THE ILLUSTRATED ACADEMY CATALOGUE.\*

THERE was not much enthusiasm created by the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this summer, and the Illustrated Catalogue will not have come in time to increase it. The critics, and they were many, who roundly asserted that this has been the worst exhibition within ordinary memory, will remark of the Catalogue that it is a worthy record of it. Those visitors, also, who found much to admire, and especially those who will always remember the one hundred and eighteenth Academy as that in which Mr. Burne Jones first exhibited, will be dissatisfied with the illustrations. In fact, only three pictures seem to come out well, though several come out better than they deserve. Mr. Sargent has no reason to be dissatisfied with the rendering of his portraits (709). Another artist who should be satisfied with the process employed by Messrs. Bousod & Valadon in copying the selected works is Mr. John Collier. His very popular "Mænads" (757) has full justice done to it, and the very slightness, the absence of over-elaboration in the details, and especially in the modelling of the limbs, together with the reduction in scale, by which every picture is tried on the Procrustean system, affect him only favourably. The prints are all as nearly of the same size as possible, or about ten inches by seven, and the uniformity tells differently on different classes of work. Mr. Fildes's "Flower Girl" (61) comes out well. The high finish of the head is in the picture discounted by the gaudy and inharmonious details, the colours of which were as much beyond Mr. Fildes's control as if they had been fire-flies or mosquitoes in a garden. In the "typo-gravure" they only count for shades of grey, white, and black, and do not exactly hurt the eye, though we could dispense with them advantageously. On the whole, however, this is the best, prettiest, and most adequate of the prints.

The whole number of works exhibited was this year just under two thousand, and comprised, in addition to the usual paintings in oil and water-colour, the sculpture, and the architecture, a room devoted to works in monochrome or in black and white. In the illustrations to the Catalogue architecture is wholly omitted, but five water-colours and one drawing in black and white are included, with the hundred and thirty-five oil-paintings and the representations of nine pieces of sculpture. These last consist, among others, of the President's "Sluggard" (1921), very poorly represented; Mr. Gilbert's "Enchanted Chair" (1762), which in parts can with difficulty be made out; Mr. Thornycroft's "Sower" (1924), which bears the process fairly; and Mr. Ford's "Folly" (1925), which will hardly be recognized in the print. On the whole, for some cause not very easy to explain, there are very few of the renderings which can be considered without fault, or as good as the process employed will allow. Some of the little sketches by artists in Mr. Blackburn's various catalogues give a far truer idea of the artists' work and powers. Such pictures as Mr. A. Ludovici's "Letters from Home" (732), or Mr. Lorimer's "Quiet Corner" (894), or Mr. Bramley's "Domino!" (491) suffer most, the first-named being blurred and indistinct all over. The fine Egyptian group, "Hagar and Ishmael" (623), by Mr. Margetson, loses all its delicate modelling. On the other hand, Mr. Seymour Lucas, who disappointed his admirers so much with his "Peter the Great at Deptford" (653), and Mr. Armitage, whose "Saul witnessing the Death of Stephen" (497) attracted so much adverse criticism, should be obliged to the engraver for mitigating the worst and most obtrusive features of their pictures. In "Waiting" (587), by Mr. Bedford, the face has almost disappeared; and in others a fair complexion becomes grey, and a dark complexion almost black.

Landscapes fail nearly as much; but the best landscapes of the year are not represented, except perhaps one of Mr. Hook's, in which all gradation is lost. Altogether, it is impossible to say much in praise of a venture which has been long expected, and which, it was hoped, would have formed both an enduring and also an adequate memorial of the exhibition.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE dearth of anything corresponding to the English monthly magazine or review in France, and the small circulation of the periodicals which print literary "Transactions," too often restrict the circulation of the lectures and addresses which, in the present condition of French scholarship, are produced nowhere better than in France. We are glad to note the appearance in a pamphlet of one of M. Gaston Paris's (1) "*Leçons d'ouverture*" at the Collège de France on no less interesting a subject than the poetry of France during the fifteenth century. Everybody (that is, everybody who knows anything about literature) is acquainted with Charles d'Orléans and François Villon; very few persons except specialists know any more. Speaking without vanity as those who do know something more, we have nothing but good to say of M. Paris's rapid but brilliant sketch, which has no doubt since (for the lecture was delivered some six months ago) been as ably filled up. He is, perhaps, a little authoritative in assigning positively to Antoine de la Salle, not, indeed, the full baggage of anonymous masterpieces which some have given to him, but

\* Royal Academy of Arts Official Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition, 1886. London: Clowes & Son.

(1) *La poésie française au quinzième siècle*. Par G. Paris. Paris: Lanier.



besides *Johan de Saintré*, the *Cent nouvelles nouvelles*, and the *Quinze joyes du mariage*. But we frankly own that, if we do not know any convincing reason why these two pieces should be attributed to La Salle, we know absolutely none why they should not; and that is nearly, if not quite, enough. Let us repeat the hope which we expressed not long ago, when M. Paris brought out a volume of reprinted pieces, that it will not be long before he brings out a second, wherein this *brochure* may worthily find a wider audience.

A charitable person who should judge M. St.-Cère from his first sentence might conclude that, as Athos remarked of D'Artagnan, he is "a well of wisdom" (2). "Il semblerait," says he, "que la guerre de 1870 nous a enlevé la faculté de bien juger l'Allemagne." Most true, O Daniel! It would seem so. But when we come to M. St.-Cère's own judgments, we don't find them so very much better than anybody else's. His articles on great persons are little more than warmings up of the gossip of the newspapers, of which "Comte Vassili" has surely given us enough. In his general papers we find little or nothing but the usual "les femmes de ce pays sont rousses," aggravated by the usual and singularly foolish national spite. When will Frenchmen learn that, if you have received a thorough beating, it is no less politic than generous to exalt the victor, while it is no less impolitic than ungenerous to depreciate him? If such a very miserable folk as the Germans are, by French account, made of France the example that we know, what must the French be?

A volume of historical studies by M. Chantelauze (3) hardly requires commendation, especially when it is said that great part of it is composed of a remodelled reprint of his essays on Comines, whom he edited some time ago in a sumptuous and satisfactory volume. Most of the other papers are elaborate articles on the other period which the author knows best—the middle of the French seventeenth century—a period to which he is now doing one of the greatest possible services by his edition of Retz in the *Grands écrivains*. Besides these, there is a long review of the Duke of Broglie's dealings with France and Germany in the Seven Years' War, which, though showing less special knowledge, is not unworthy of its companions.

Among illustrated books we have before us a singularly cheap and well-illustrated handbook to pottery and porcelain (4), excellently printed, abundantly furnished with cuts of both marks and examples, and (it would seem) well equipped with letterpress. Two numbers of the capital series of *Artistes célèbres* (5) have appeared, the one dealing with a master of general interest—Henri Regnault. It is to be feared that the name of Jean Lamour will be a good deal less familiar to Englishmen; and indeed he represented in the last century an art which for centuries has been allowed to languish with us—the art of the worker in iron and other metals not "precious." *Les promenades du docteur Bob* (6) is a kind of Christmas book strayed—one of the favourite followings of *Joyce's Scientific Dialogues*, which have held their ground better in France than with us. The engravings of birds, beasts, fishes, and plants, &c., are beyond praise; and the letterpress will at any rate, as we have before hinted in similar cases, make an excellent reading-book.

M. Kano's *Populations bretonnes* (7) is perhaps, on the whole, a little better conceived than executed. No less from knowledge of the country than from book knowledge we can testify that his eulogies of his countrymen are not overdrawn, and that his remarks on the best means for improving their condition—by giving a help to the terribly behindhand agriculture of the province, and so forth—are sound. But he writes a little too much in the air and in general, without those definite and individual touches of description and anecdote which are needed to vivify such a work.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. GERARD DANIEL'S *Mary Stuart: a Sketch and a Defence* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is an ineffective piece of special pleading, though by no means without ingenuity in the handling of the historical evidence. The determined *parti pris* of the author, too obviously proclaimed in the attempt to prove too much, and the over-lavish application of whitewash, damages the continuity and force of his argument. Mr. Daniel's narrative ends with the imprisonment of Mary in Lochleven Castle, and shows considerable art until we arrive at the murder of Rizzio. The story of that tragic event and the Queen's first interview with Knox are told with much pictorial skill, and nothing is omitted that might heighten the impression of Mary Stuart's beauty and youth, the pathos and dangers of her position, the malice and fanaticism of her enemies. Even in these early stages of his narrative the character of Mr. Daniel's advocacy is more than once revealed, as when in one breath he admits that the Queen "encouraged the gallantry of Châtelar" and expresses his doubt of the testimony "that she would sometimes lean upon his shoulder and was not careful to conceal her fondness for him." It is

difficult to appreciate the subtlety of this distinction. But Knox is the witness who thus confirms Mr. Daniel's own admission, and he is an enemy. His testimony is due to the reports of spies in Holyrood, and, therefore, must be rejected. When we come to such vexed questions as the complicity of Mary in Darnley's murder and the circumstances of her marriage with Bothwell, the author's short way with unfriendly witnesses is signally illustrated. He attempts to dispose of the undisputed facts that Mary married the murderer of her husband, after honouring him with the most ostentatious favours in defiance of the popular outcry, by the very lame plea that "there is no credible evidence to show that Mary Stuart had the smallest suspicion as to who was the real murderer," that the Queen, in fact, was alone ignorant of a truth which all men accepted. This incredible assumption does not, in Mr. Daniel's view, militate against his theory that Mary was forced to marry Bothwell, that she entertained no passion for him, and that it was not the stern necessities of the case, but a real desire to free herself of his tyranny, that impelled her surrender at Carberry Hill.

*A Book of the Running Brook; and of Still Waters* (Sampson Low & Co.) comprises a series of articles by Lady Colin Campbell, originally contributed to this journal, on the natural history and culture of fresh-water fish, their dietetic value, and their importance in the food-supplies of the country. The unmerited neglect of fresh-water fish is only partly to be traced to the popular prejudice that has kept pace with the development of sea-fisheries.

With the exception of certain migratory fish, such as eels and the *Salmonide*, the public generally are astonishingly ignorant of the value of the many wholesome and palatable fish that haunt our rivers and lakes. Without going back so far as the reign of Henry VIII., when fish-culture suffered a deadly blow by the dissolution of the monasteries, we know that the virtues of carp, bream, pike, tench, perch, and lake trout were, until lately, held in the highest estimation. Their merits were first divulged by the monks, who were equally distinguished as connoisseurs and cultivators; and Lady Colin Campbell produces plenty of evidence to show how thoroughly people appreciated fresh-water fish in the last century. Then, of course, they were adepts in cookery; and bream-pie, stuffed pike, or a dish of gudgeons are stiff tests for the cook. Not a few people, indeed, who are unreasonably prejudiced against the delicious eel, of fresh water or salt, have been entertained of conger unawares at many a dinner. Lady Colin Campbell's book appears at an opportune moment, and will prove a valuable revelation of undeveloped resources to land-owners and farmers. The paper on "Carp Culture," by Mr. W. Oldham Chambers, read at the recent Conference of the National Fish Culture Association, is a welcome sign of the times. Lady Colin Campbell and Mr. Chambers are virtually in accord as to the probable success of fish-ponds, while the report of the Conference justifies the hope that the Association will not leave the encouragement of the new industry to private enterprise. Apart from its treatment of the practical and economic aspects of the subject, Lady Colin Campbell's book fully realizes the alluring promise of its title. Anglers and meditative folk, whether "seated in hearing of a hundred streams," or surrounded by books and the trophies of the rod, will respond to the enthusiasm, the sympathetic descriptive power and sensitive insight of these delightful studies of nature.

Ill-fortune proverbially dogs the inheritors or original acquirers of ill-gotten gains. This truth is illustrated by historical examples, for the express benefit and admonishment of the Liberation Society and the authors of *The Radical Programme*, in *The Doom of Sacrilege*, by the Rev. James Wayland Joyce, Prebendary of Hereford (Masters & Co.) This little book is mainly a digest of *The History and Fate of Sacrilege*, by Sir Henry Spelman, combined with excerpts from kindred works, to which the author has added certain instances of the restitution of Church property in modern times. All this material is carefully arranged in alphabetical order, and the accumulated evidence is sufficiently striking to impress the imagination of any one less hardened than the Liberationist.

*Indoor Pumpers*, by One of Them (Chatto & Windus), suggests, at first sight, something sensational in "revelations" and, possibly, something suspect. The book, however, professes to give the actual experiences of a workhouse inmate. There is an air of sobriety and veracity in the narrative notwithstanding the sensational element in some of the character sketches of eccentric paupers. The writer possesses no ordinary powers of description. His style is easy and expressive, and his volume is a curious and not unprofitable record of the lights and shades of life in "the house." The book is not all picturesque gloom, unlightened by human jollity; the diversity of the picture it presents is, perhaps, the strongest testimony to the writer's sincerity.

Mr. W. Butler's *Pompeii, Descriptive and Picturesque* (Blackwood & Sons) supplies a real want. It contrasts the aspects of the past, as laid bare in the disinterred streets of Pompeii, with the present circumstances of life in Italy. The descriptions of the typical buildings are exceedingly clear and complete, and the illustrative quotations from Horace are full of suggestion. The convenient size of the volume renders it an excellent tourist's companion as well as a valuable complement to the ordinary guide-book.

The popularity of the novel is curiously indicated by the number of translations that continue to appear. M. Feuillet's *Ahette (La Morte)* is included in Messrs. Warne's "Library of Continental Authors," which is devoted to notable copyright

(2) *L'Allemagne telle qu'elle est*. Par Jacques St.-Cère. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Portraits historiques*. Par R. Chantelauze. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Faïences et porcelaines*. Par A. Martin. Paris: Hennuyer.

(5) *Les artistes célèbres—Henri Regnault*. Par R. Marx. Jean Lamour. Par C. Cournaud. Paris: Rouam. London: Wood.

(6) *Les promenades du docteur Bob*. Par Beaugrand. Paris: Delagrave.

(7) *Les populations bretonnes*. Par Yves Kano. Paris: Plon.

works. It is a well-printed and careful translation. *César Birotteau* is a recent addition to Messrs. Routledge's series of translations of Balzac, illustrated with a frontispiece after Bertall. *The Romance of a Mummy* (J. & R. Maxwell) is a version by M. Young of Gautier's singular Egyptian fantasia. Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker's *What's to be Done?* (Boston: Tucker) is a rendering of a French translation of Tchernyehewsky's unique romance.

*The End of Man*, by Albany James Christie, S.J. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a long didactic epic in rhymed triplets, more notable for piety than poetic inspiration. The end of man is Happiness, and it is the author's aim to set forth the spiritual nature of happiness and the manner by which man's happiness is realized. The imitation of Christ is the poet's theme, and the poem chiefly consists of a rhymed version of the leading incidents in the Gospel narratives. The book is a handsome quarto, illustrated by some good autotypes after Francia, Fra Angelico, and other masters.

Professor Minto's edition of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), while reverent of the author's notes, supplies some useful complementary matter and a good map of the topography of the poem.

*The Stillwater Tragedy*, by T. B. Aldrich (Edinburgh: Douglas), appears in two volumes in the pretty pocket edition of "American Authors."

From Messrs. Longmans & Co. we have received excellent shilling editions of the *Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith* and the *Wit and Wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield*.

We have received Thackeray's *Pendennis*, in the new pocket edition (Smith, Elder, & Co.); the fifth edition of *The Philosophy of Voice*, by Charles Lunn (Baillière, Tindal, & Co.); Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*, edited by the Rev. Alfred Ainger (Macmillan & Co.); *Facts disentangled from Fiction*, by "Zeb" (Sampson Low & Co.); an abridgment of *Kenilworth* for the use of schools (W. & R. Chambers); *Webster's Condensed Dictionary* (Routledge); and *The Great and Growing Question of Vaccination*, otherwise the Report of the Sixth Annual Meeting of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination (E. W. Allen).

The very attractive "Summer Number" of the *Illustrated London News* includes a characteristic story by Mr. David Christie Murray, with clever illustrations by Mr. Caton Woodville, and a new poem by Mr. Bret Harte.

The "Special Summer Number" of *Life* includes a supplement of coloured plates illustrative of the costumes of the Hungarian peasantry.

*The Art of Etching and The Art of Pen and Ink Drawing* (Winsor & Newton) are two useful manuals for students by Mr. H. R. Robertson. The former—now in the fourth edition—gives a full and intelligible explanation of technical processes; the latter is equally practical in its scope, and is illustrated by woodcuts after well-known artists, which are most useful in elucidating Mr. Robertson's able little treatise.

We have also received *The Wear and Tear of London Life*, by Dr. Robson Roose, reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* (Chapman & Hall); Mr. Blackburn's *Academy Sketches*, 1886 (Allen & Co.); the second edition of *Hymns of Faith and Duty* (Williams & Norgate); the Rev. Arthur Powell's *God Speaking in Nature* (Vickers Wood); *A Strange Company*, by Mrs. Macquoid (S. P. C. K.); *Dr. Livingstone's Travels*, and a Selection from the *Spectator*, two recent additions to the "World Library" (Routledge); *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.); *The Biglow Papers*, the eleventh volume of Routledge's Pocket Library; Moore's *Irish Melodies* (Dublin: Gill); and Mr. Herbert Fry's *London in 1886* (Allen & Co.).

A tiny volume of *Daily Prayers* (London: Masters) deserves notice—not merely for graceful get-up. The contents are invariably modelled in style on the Collects of the Book of Common Prayer—the one model for such work which can be safely followed, and the results are almost invariably excellent.

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